



FEATURE

COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

FEBRUARY



THE DOLL MAN



RANCE KEANE



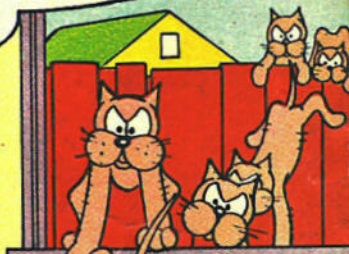
SAMAR



SPIN SHAW



BUT LALA —
I DIDN'T KNOW THE
CATS WOULD BE **COLD**
AND NEED THE FUR !!



No. 41 10¢



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

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THE DOLL MAN

each and every month in

FEATURE COMICS

Rapidly becoming the country's favorite comic magazine character, THE DOLL MAN will thrill you with new and unusual adventures each month in **FEATURE COMICS**. Order your copy of the March issue now—on sale January 24th.



Wing Span, 46 in.
Length Overall, 26 1/2 in.
Fuselage Cross Section, 18 in. in.
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23 Prizes Just for NAMING IT

Come on, Kids—win this New Gas Model Airplane by sending us the best name for it. Oh, Boy! Here's your chance to try your skill at naming this speedy little number which has a specially built motor. The very first name you think of may be just the one to win this Airplane for you. So send a name right away.

You will get one of these sleek, fast-flying Model Airplanes if the name you send for it wins First, Second, Third, Fourth, or Fifth Prize. Sixth Prize will be \$10.00; Seventh Prize, \$5.00; Eighth Prize, \$2.00; and then there will be 15 more prizes of \$1.00 each. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of a tie.

The First Name You Think of May Be a Winner

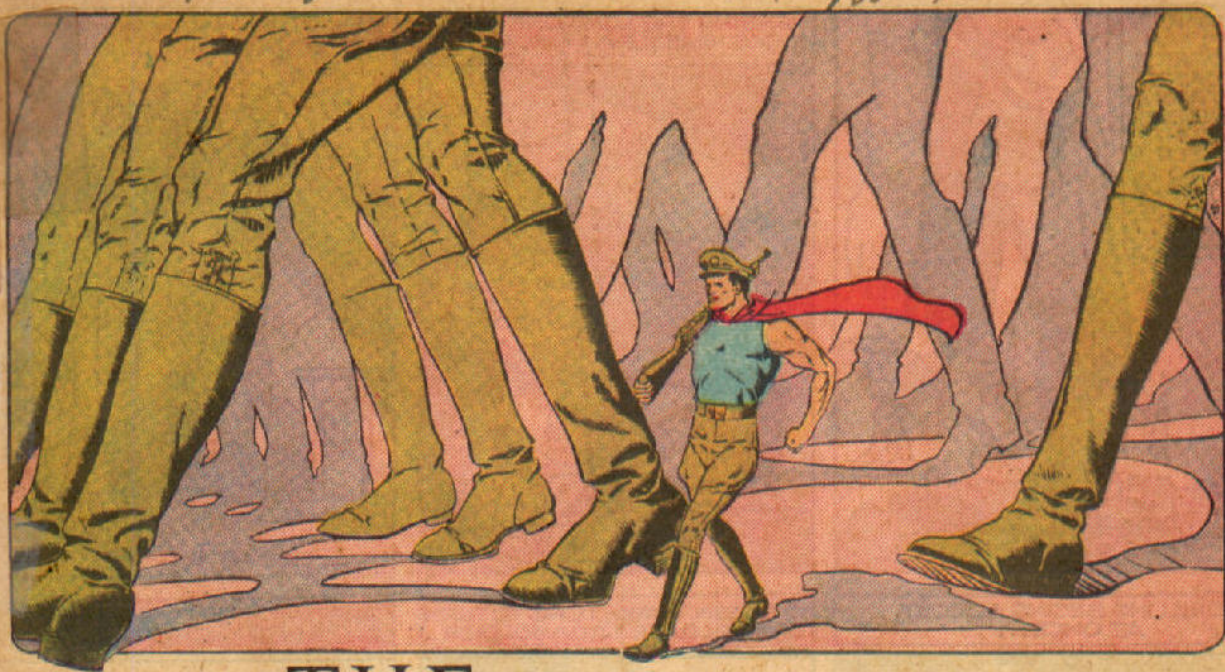
"Speed King" and "High Flier" have been suggested as possible names but you can think of a better one. Look at the picture (for the airplane is exactly like the picture). Imagine that you are the proud owner of this model flier, then naming it will be easy. You'll be thrilled at this plane's powerful performance. Yes, Sir! It promises to be a favorite at the big air meets because this Class "A" type plane makes such beautiful flights when it is completed according to instructions. The "139" Megow Motor it has is built for long life and easy running because it comes with a permanently sealed-in crankcase and an extra long bronze bearing.

You can bet this motor really "sings" of power. The plane itself has a "Rite Pitch" propeller—a Flight Timer—and Rubber Wheels. Just place the motor in position! Crank her up! Let her go! And watch her zoom through the air! Any boy or girl, living in the 48 states, may send in a name. This offer closes March 31, 1943, so be prompt! Mail us only ONE airplane name on a penny postal card TODAY. Be sure to sign your full name and address on the card and address it to

MODEL AIRPLANE CLUB, 11 Copper Building, TOPEKA, KANSAS



Barrel and Stroke,
1 1/2 in.
B. P. 1.7
S. P. M., 1,500 to
18,000
Displacement,
10 cc
Propeller
6 in. Dia.
4 in. Pitch
Spark Thread,
18 in.
Weight, 2 oz.



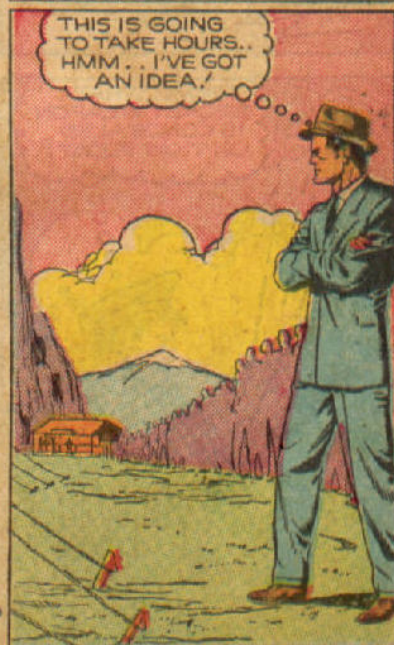
THE DOLL MAN

By William Edwin Maxwell

AMERICA'S CALL TO ARMS
BRINGS THE TROOP TRUCKS
ROLLING INTO CAMPS ACROSS
THE NATION... AT A COASTAL
TRAINING CAMP.

CIVILIANS TURN THEIR
CLOTHES IN FOR THE
ARMY'S OLIVE DRAB.

DARREL DANE, A CONSCRIPT,
WAITS FOR HIS UNIFORM AT THE
END OF THE LINE...



IN A FLASH
DARREL DANE
TRANS-
FORMS
HIM-
SELF
INTO
THE DOLL
MAN..



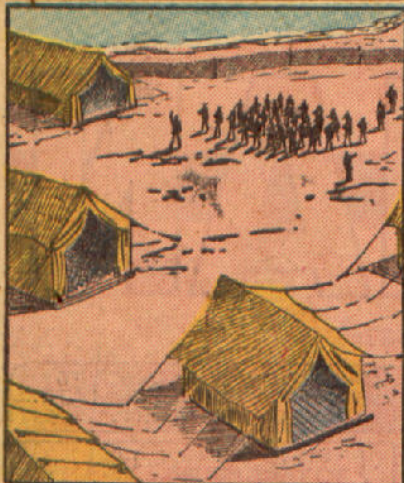
PASSING THE LONG LINE HE
PICKS HIMSELF A UNIFORM.



THEN...



DRILLING BEGINS ALMOST
AT ONCE...



IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG TO TURN
DARREL DANE INTO A SOLDIER..



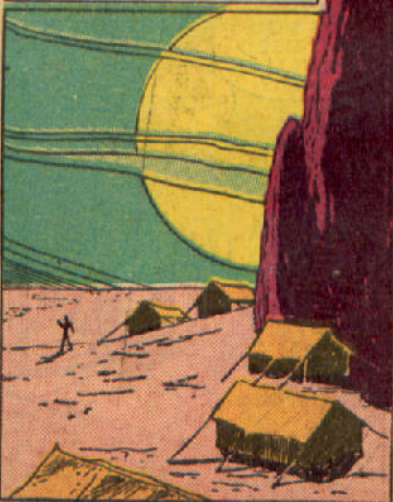
ONE DAY A BATTLESHIP
SLIPS INTO THE BAY...



HMM...WHAT
SECRET WEAPON
IS CONCEALED
ON THAT FLOAT?



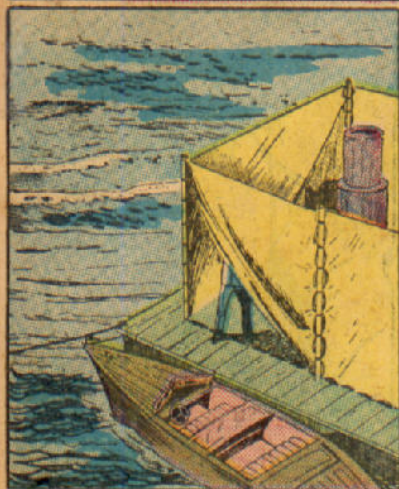
THAT NIGHT DARREL DANE
WANDERS RESTLESSLY
ALONG THE BEACH.....



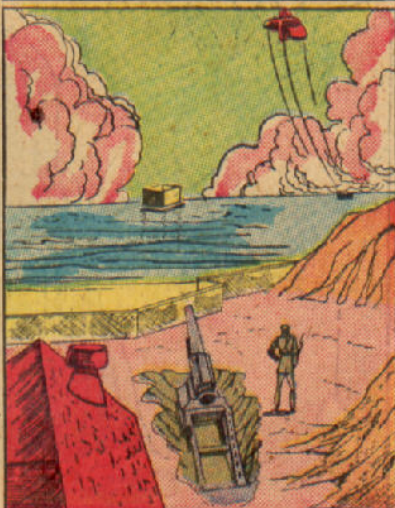
I THINK THE DOLL MAN'S
GOING TO HAVE TO GO TO
WORK SOON...FOREIGN
AGENTS ARE LIABLE TO
BE VERY INTERESTED IN
THAT FLOAT!



THE NEXT MORNING, GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS TAKE A LAUNCH OUT TO THE FLOAT....



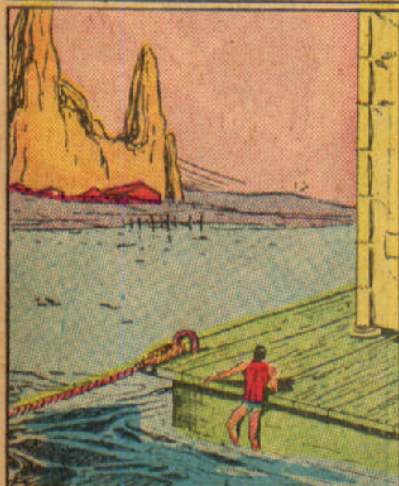
DARREL DANE IS AN INTERESTED SPECTATOR.....



TIME TO BECOME THE DOLL MAN.



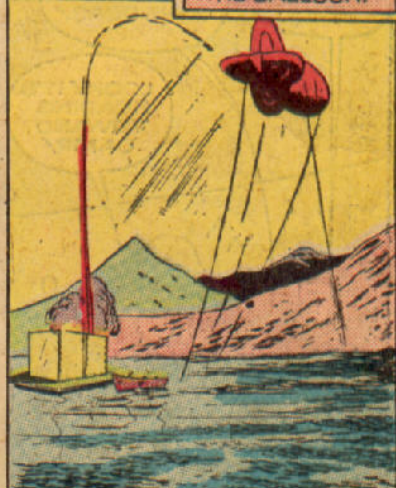
THE POWERFUL LITTLE FIGURE SWIMS TO THE ODD OBJECT...



BOY, THEY'VE GOT SOMETHING HERE! A RADIO CONTROLLED TORPEDO... THEY CAN DIRECT ITS FLIGHT AT ANY DISTANCE!



THE FIRST TEST IS AIMED AT THE BALLOON.



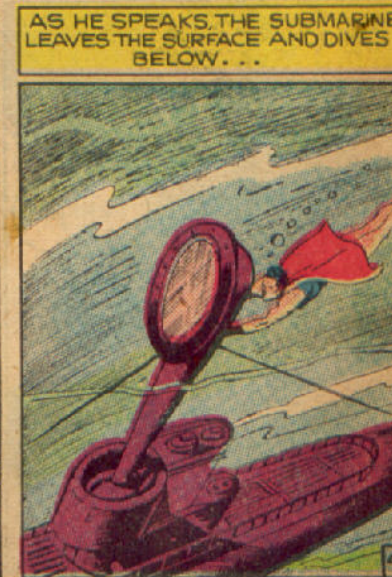
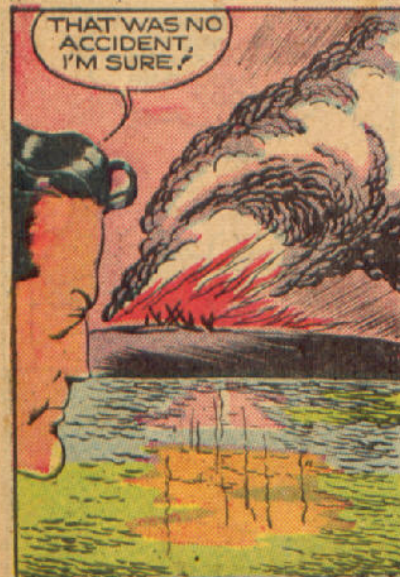
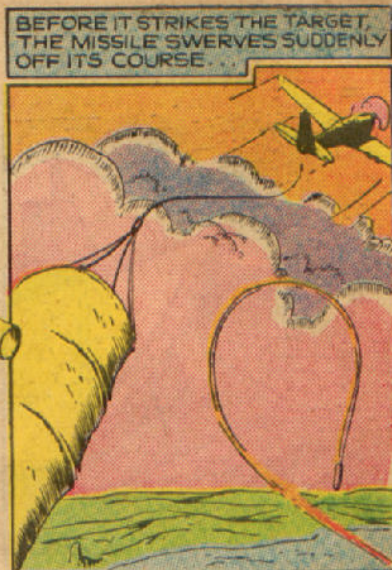
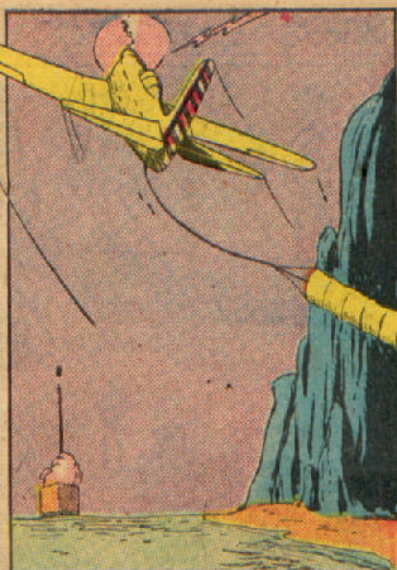
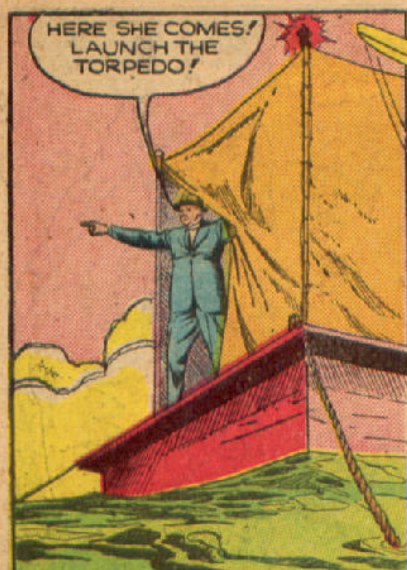
A PERFECT HIT!

ALL RIGHT, NOW WE'LL TRY A SMALLER TARGET!



GOING TO SEND UP AN AIRPLANE WITH A SLEEVE TARGET. THIS SHOULD BE GOOD!





AS THEY REACH BOTTOM, A RIFT APPEARS IN THE ROCKY WALL AND A SECRET PANEL SLOWLY OPENS..



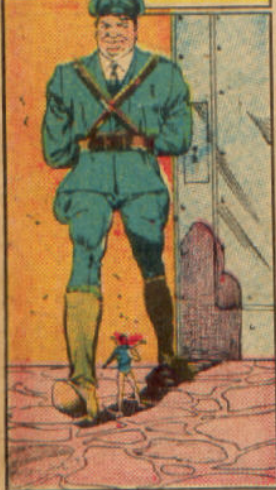
THE SUBMARINE EMERGES IN A SMALL SLIP BUILT IN A DARK CAVERN...



THE DOLL MAN WATCHES A BAND OF FOREIGN SPIES MARCH OUT OF THE CRAFT...



UNSEEN, HE ENTERS WITH THEM.



NOW! HERE'S LUCK TO OUR NEXT VENTURE.. TOMORROW WE GET THE PRESIDENT!

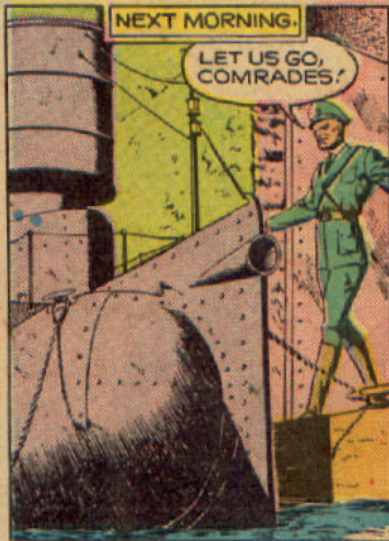


SO? I'LL FIX THEM ALL RIGHT!

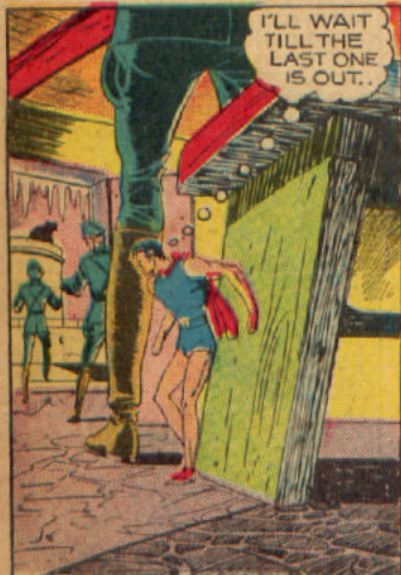


NEXT MORNING.

LET US GO, COMRADES!



I'LL WAIT TILL THE LAST ONE IS OUT.



BUT...

THAT IS ENOUGH TO GO. THE REST OF US STAY HERE!



LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO BATTLE.



HEY! I WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

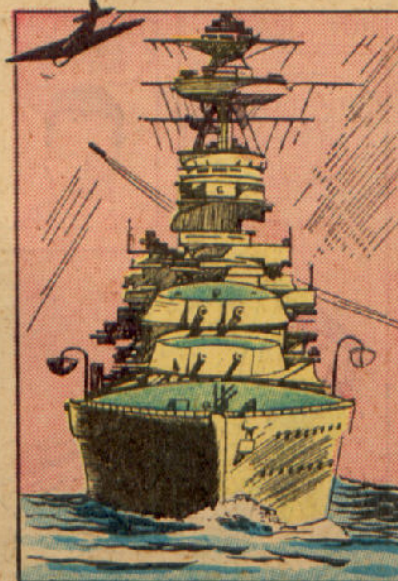




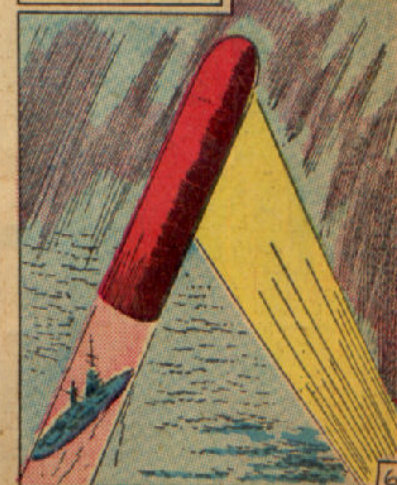
ABOVE, THE AIR TARGET FLIES FOR THE NEXT TORPEDO TEST.



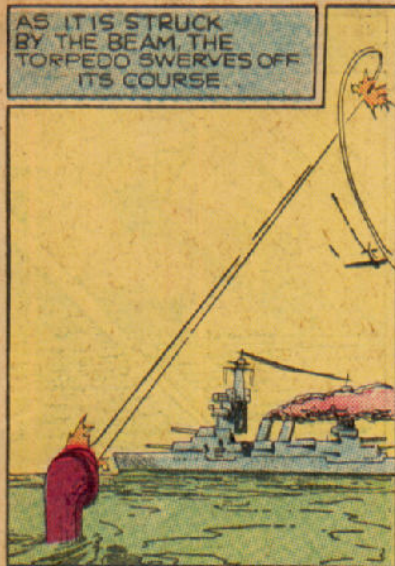
BELOW, IN THE APPROACHING SUB.



AS THE TORPEDO ZOOMS STRAIGHT FOR THE TARGET, THE SUBMARINE'S RAY STRIKES...



AS IT IS STRUCK
BY THE BEAM, THE
TORPEDO SWERVES OFF
ITS COURSE.



AND MAKES FOR
THE PRESIDENT'S
CRUISER..



MEANWHILE IN THE SECRET
CAVE...



I CAN
CRUSH
YOU
WITH ONE
FIST!



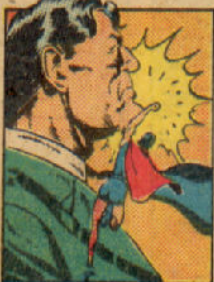
CRACK



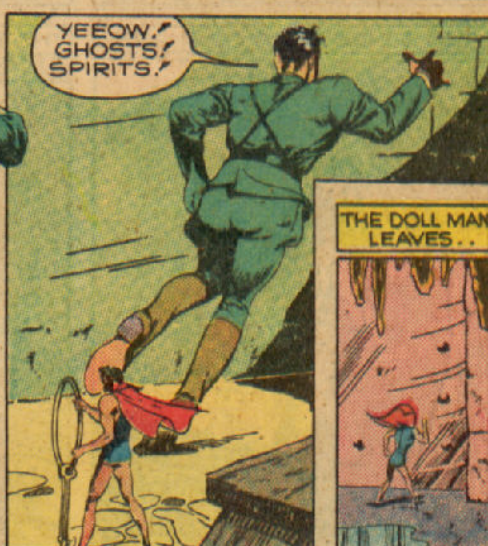
FRESH, EH?/
NOW I'LL
KILL YOU!



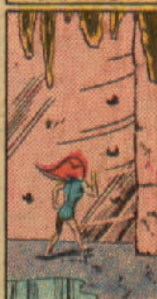
WELL?



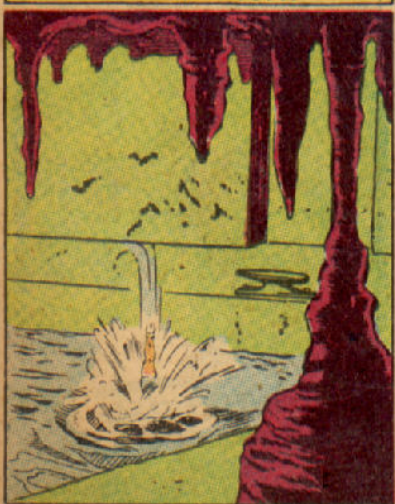
YEEOW!
GHOSTS/
SPIRITS!



THE DOLL MAN
LEAVES...



LIKE A LITTLE MINNOW BUT
WITH THE SPEED OF A PORPOISE,
HE SWIMS OUT...



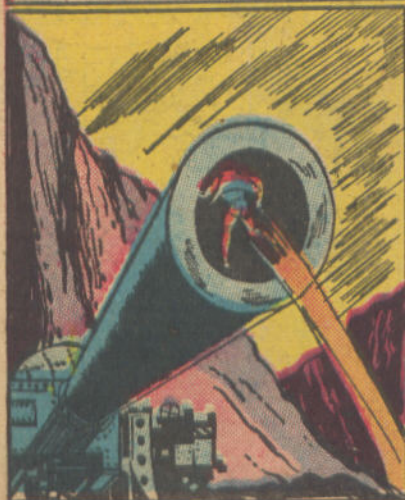
ONE OF OUR COASTAL
GUNS SALUTING THE
PRESIDENT, EH?



THAT GIVES
ME AN
IDEA!



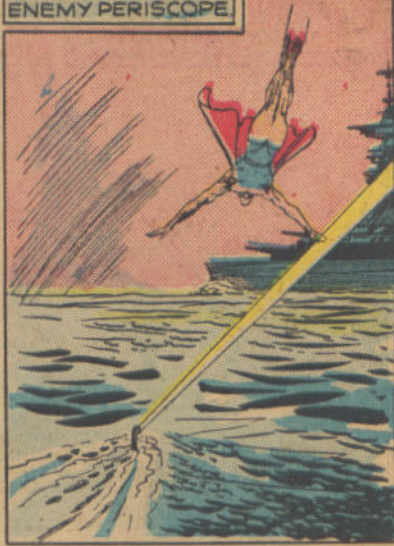
INTO THE MOUTH OF THE BIG
SALUTE GUN SHOOTS THE
SMALL FIGURE..



AS THE GUN FIRES, THE DOLL
MAN SOARS ACROSS THE
WATER ...



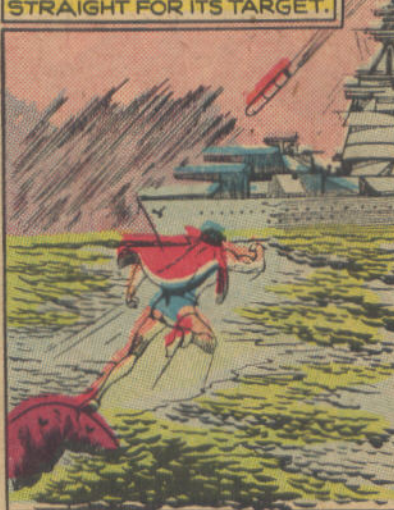
HE DIVES FOR THE
ENEMY PERISCOPE



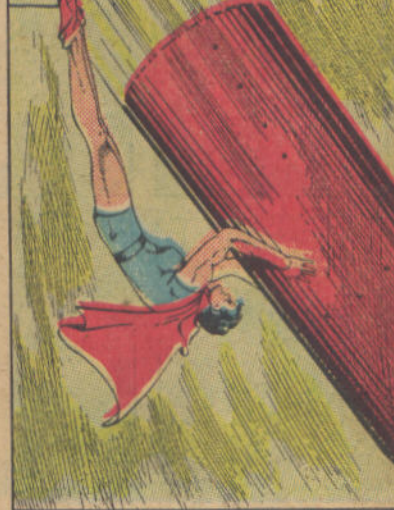
AND BENDS IT OUT OF SHAPE...



THE TORPEDO PLUMMETS
STRAIGHT FOR ITS TARGET.



BUT

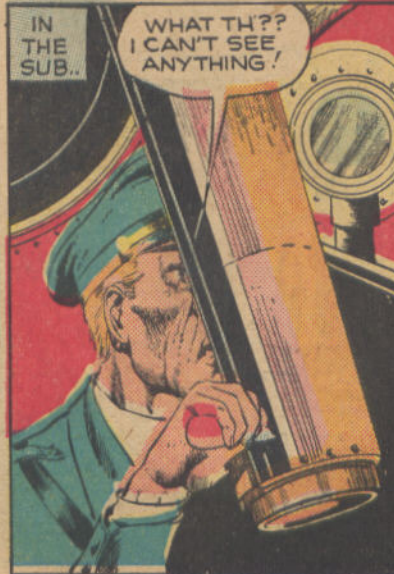


WHOA THERE!
BACK UP!
WE'RE GOING
OTHER PLACES!

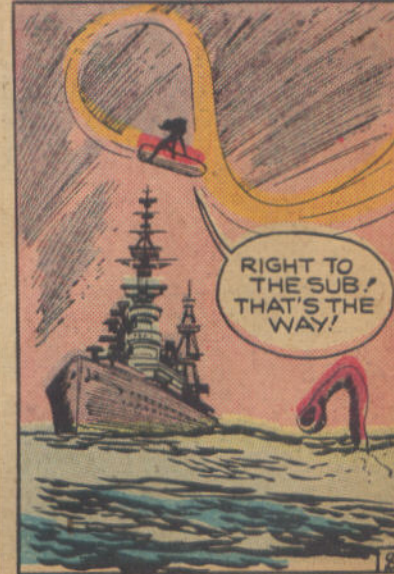


IN
THE SUB..

WHAT TH??
I CAN'T SEE
ANYTHING!



RIGHT TO
THE SUB!
THAT'S THE
WAY!



THE DOLL MAN LEAPS FROM THE DANGEROUS MISSILE AS IT SPEEDS ON ITS WAY.....



PLUNGING INTO THE WAVES IT STRIKES TRUE!



THE SUBMARINE IS BLOWN TO THE SURFACE IN A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION...



MIRACULOUS! WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT DEFENSE WITH WEAPONS LIKE THAT IN OUR POSSESSION!



AS THE PRESIDENT WATCHES...

HIS WORK DONE, THE DOLL MAN EMERGES FROM THE SEA..!



NOW TO FACE THE MUSIC FOR GOING A.W.O.L..!



LOOKING FOR ME, SERGEANT?



WHY YEAH! WE WERE WORRIED. THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T COME BACK IN TIME FOR THE SURPRISE WE GOT WAITIN' FOR YOU!



IF MY GIRL SAW ME NOW, GALLANTLY SERVING UNCLE SAM BY PEELING POTATOES!



RANCE KEANE

BY WILL ARTHUR

THE GOLDEN GOAL IS IN SIGHT FOR RANCE KEANE, DEAD AHEAD OF THE SCHOONER WHITE WING LIES THE NAMELESS LITTLE SOUTH SEA ISLAND WHERE, ACCORDING TO HARVEY TOPPING'S CHART, THE EXPEDITION SHOULD FIND THE LONG-LOST TREASURE....

THERE SHE IS, BOYS... LAND!

RANCE, HIS OLD PAL PEEWEE LEE AND HARVEY TOPPING ALL GO ASHORE WITH THE CREW TO SET UP A BASE TO WORK FROM....

WE BETTER BUILD A STOCKADE AROUND OUR CAMP IN CASE OF SAVAGES OR TIGERS OR SOMETHING, DON'TCHA THINK?

NO, YOU WON'T FIND ANYTHING MORE DEADLY THAN LAND CRABS ON THIS ISLAND, PEE WEE.

THE TROPIC DUSK FALLS WITH STARTLING SWIFTNESS... NIGHT'S DARK MANTLE DROPS DOWN.....

COME ON TO BED, NAWSIK, PEEWEE. THE LIGHT RANCE FROM THAT FIRE'S A NUISANCE!

I'M STAYING UP ALL NIGHT TO GUARD THIS PLACE!

LATER..

ULP!

GR-R-R!

SEEING THAT RANCE WILL CATCH UP TO THEM BEFORE THEY GET TO THE BOAT, THE STRANGE FEROCIOUS FIGURES SEPARATE, HEADING FOR THE TREE-FRIDGE....

NAB THAT LITTLE ONE, HARVEY! IF IT DOESN'T THINK I CAN HANDLE THE BIG ONE!

IF IT DOESN'T GET TO A TREE FIRST, I'LL NAB IT!

APES!

THEY'RE GOING TOWARD THE BOAT! AFTER THEM, HARVEY!

YI!

IN A MOONLIGHT CLEARING.....

THIS MAY LOOK FOOLHARDY TO THE CASUAL BYSTANDER, BUT I THINK I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!



WOW! THIS FELLA'S HEFTIER'N I THOUGHT HE'D BE!



MEANWHILE PEE-
WEE IS GOING
MAD BACK AT
THE CAMP.....
STRANGELY
LIGHTED WHIRL-
ING CIRCLES
DANCE LIKE
EVIL FIREFLIES
IN THE DARK
MYSTERIOUS
JUNGLE NIGHT..

LOR' BLIMEY!
AM I GOING
BALMY?

I TOLD RANCE
THIS WAS NO
PLACE TO SPEND
THE NIGHT!
COME ON BACK
OUT TO THE
SHIP!

AS THEY
RUN
FOR
THE BOAT ON THE BEACH,
DARTING GHOSTLY SHAPES
SPRING FROM THE TREES,
FLIT EERILY INTO THE SUPPLY
TENT.....

JUNGLE
SPERRITS!

DON'T WASTE
YOUR BREATH!
HELP HAUL
THIS BOAT IN
THE WATER!
QUICK!!

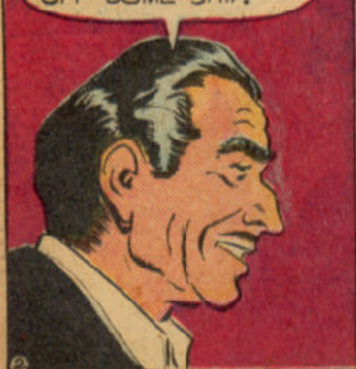


HEY THERE!
YOU DESERTING
RANCE AND ME?

IT'S MR.
TOPPING.
WE BETTER
WAIT FOR
HIM.



I'M ASHAMED OF YOU
GUYS. THOSE APES ARE
QUITE HARMLESS. THE
ONE I CHASED SCAMPED
INTO THE BRUSH AND I
MISSED IT IN THE DARK..
PROBABLY TAME
ORANG-OUTANS LOST
OFF SOME SHIP.



WHILE HARVEY TOPPING
TALKS WITH PEEWEE AND THE
CREW, RANCE COMES UP
BEHIND THEM.....

LOOK
WHAT I
GOT, BOYS!

O-O-OH!



A SEARCH OF THE SUPPLY TENT
REVEALS THEY'VE BEEN ROBBED.

WHAT DO
YOU KNOW?
THOSE GHOSTS
STOLE ALL OUR
BATTERIES!

NOTHING
ELECTRICAL
LEFT BUT
THIS ONE
BIG
BULB!

HMMM!



RANCE ROWS OUT TO THE SHIP WITH PEEWEE AND HARVEY....



EACH OF YOU KNOWS WHAT TO GET. SEE HOW FAST YOU CAN MAKE IT BACK HERE!

A HALF HOUR LATER...

GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, RANCE... YOU'RE SURE RESOURCEFUL!
 RESOURCEFUL! LOOK... A PIECE OF REFRIGERATOR LINING, WIRES, A KITCHEN POT, A GLASS FISH TANK, COPPER PLATES, AND SULPHURIC ACID! I THINK RANCE IS A CANDIDATE FOR THE BOOBY HATCH!



BACK ON THE ISLAND PEEWEE IS FURTHER BAFFLED WHEN RANCE CLIMBS A TREE TO A PLATFORM THE SAILORS HAVE RIGGED IN A HIGH CROUCH

STEADY WITH THAT SULPHURIC BOYS! A DROP OF IT'LL EAT A HOLE THROUGH YOU!



WHAT IN THUNDER IS THAT KEANE CLOWN UP TO NOW? I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH MONKEY BUSINESS!
 THAT'S JUST WHAT IT IS, PEEWEE... MONKEY BUSINESS! ...OR MAYBE I SHOULD SAY A MONKEY TRAP... THE ACID GOES INTO THE FISH TANK...



...THE COPPER AND ZINC REFRIGERATOR PLATES GO INTO THE ACID... HOOK 'EM UP WITH THE WIRES AND YOU'VE GOT AS PRETTY A HOME-MADE BATTERY AS YOU'LL FIND... AND POWERFUL TOO.



DARKNESS PLUNGES DOWN ONCE MORE... AFTER THE MOON GOES DOWN....

HARVEY! MR. TOPPING!! WAKE UP! LOOK WHAT'S GOING ON OUT HERE!!



GHOSTLY LIGHTS DANCE THROUGH THE TREES.....



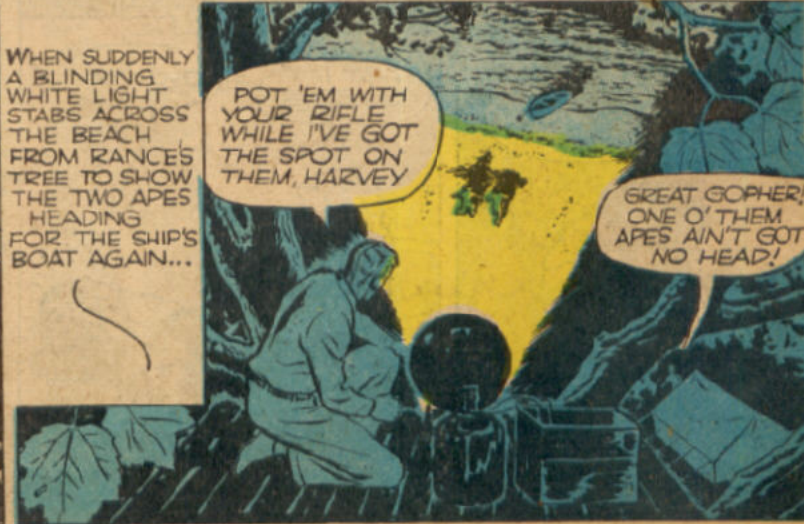
IT'S THEM JUNGLE SPIRITS COME BACK TO HAUNT US AGAIN!

SSSSSH! THEY'RE JUST A DECOY PEEWEE!

WHEN SUDDENLY A BLINDING WHITE LIGHT STABS ACROSS THE BEACH FROM RANCE'S TREE TO SHOW THE TWO APES HEADING FOR THE SHIP'S BOAT AGAIN...

POT 'EM WITH YOUR RIFLE WHILE I'VE GOT THE SPOT ON THEM, HARVEY

GREAT GOPHER! ONE O' THEM APES AIN'T GOT NO HEAD!



TO PEEWEE'S ASTONISHMENT, HARVEY TOPPING FIRES OVER THE APES' HEADS AND RUSHES DOWN THE BEACH AFTER THEM, YELLING.....



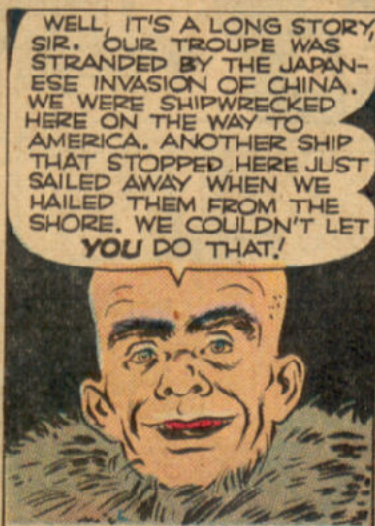
THE SEARCHLIGHT UP THE TREE ARCS SWIFTLY.....



IN A TWINKLING, RANCE SWITCHES THE LIGHT ONCE MORE.....



A FEW MINUTES LATER.



BIG TOP

THE EXALTED HIGH CALIPH

BUTCH, I'M PROMOTING YOU FOR TODAY — I'M MAKING YOU SERGEANT MARSHAL OF THE PARADE!

WHAT DO I DO, BOSS?

SEE THAT NO ONE SNEAKS OUTTA LINE — IF THEY DO, CHUCK 'EM IN THE MONKEY CAGE!

WAIT'LL I GET OUTTA MY MAKE-UP BOSS, I'LL BE TOUGHER THAN A TWO-BIT STEAK!

YOU'RE OUTTA STEP SILLY — AND MORE ZIP TO THAT BATON!

AND THE NERVE OF THAT GUY — THE STREET AINT GOOD ENOUGH — HE TAKES TO THE SIDEWALK !!

WHAT TH'-- TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!

GET BACK IN THE PARADE, STUPID -- WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

WHY-- I'LL -- YOU'LL GET BACK TO YOUR ELEPHANTS!

ELEPHANTS MY EYE -- YOU...

SO -- YA WANNA GET TOUGH ABOUT IT!

ORDERS ARE TO CONFINE ALL HECK-RAISIN' EMPLOYEES TO THE MONKEY CAGE!

WHO IS HE?

SOMETHIN' WRONG, BOSS?

WHY YOU --? DO YOU REALIZE WHO'S PAYIN' FOR THIS PERFORMANCE? -- THE MYSTIC SHEIKS OF ARABY.

--AND YOU JUST CHUCKED THEIR EXALTED HIGH CALIPH IN WITH THE CHIMPS!

I CAN'T GET HIM OUT, BOSS -- THE LOCK'S STUCK!

WILL YOU LEND ME YOUR SCIMITAR PLEASE?

YOU DON'T EXPECT TO PICK A LOCK WITH THIS?

NO -- I'VE ONE OTHER JOB TO DO FIRST!



BIG TOP



LITTLE ALONZO'S GOTTA PUT SOME LIFE INTO HIS LIONS AND LEOPARDS—THEY'RE TOO TAME!

INDIAN JOE OUGHTA HAVE SOMETHIN' T'PUT LIFE IN 'EM!

"BUCKUPO," EH?—LET'S HAVE IT!

UGH—SURE T'ING, BOSS—ONE SPOONFUL INDIAN JOE'S HEAP GOOD "BUCKUPO" MAKE TURTLE RUN LIKE JAKE-RABBIT!

HEY, ALONZO—HERE'S SOME TONIC FOR YOUR LIONS—IT'LL PUT SOME PEP IN THEM—THEY'RE ALMOST AS TIMID AS YOU!

ER—YES, BOSS, YES!



BEFORE I FEED THIS STUFF TO LEO AND THE OTHERS—I'LL TRY A DROP MYSELF!

MEANWHILE, ALONZO...

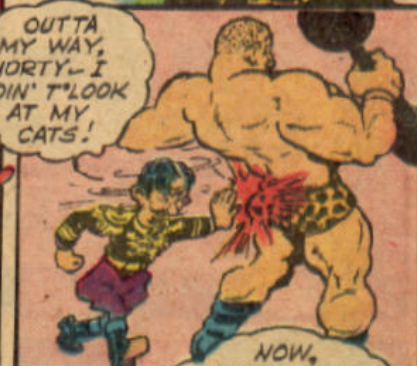
IT'S THE NEW TIGER... PUT HIM IN WITH ALONZO'S LIONS, BUT LOOK OUT—HE'S A MAN-EATER!



WHO PUT THIS KITTEN IN WITH MY LIONS?



WOW!



NOW, WHERE'S THAT FUZZY-FACED OLD DRIP THAT EVERYBODY CALLS BOSS?



DON'T SNARL AT ME, YOU—I'LL MAKE YOU INTO A RUG!



YOU HEARD ME, FOOLISH—\$200 A WEEK RAISE OR YOU EAT YOU OWN FOOT!



YES, YES, CERTAINLY, ALONZO!

HULLO, BOSS—HOW'D INDIAN JOE'S TONIC WORK?

OH, FINE—ALONZO TOOK IT INSTEAD OF THE LIONS—NOW I'M HAVING A SWIG M'SELF



...BECAUSE KICKING YOU FROM HERE TO HALIFAX MIGHT GET TIRING BY THE TIME WE REACH MAINE OR SO...



Captain Bruce BLACKBURN COUNTERSPY

by
HARRY
FRANCIS
CAMPBELL

IN
TRAITORS
TELLTALE
LIGHT

BRUCE BLACKBURN, ACE OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, OFFICIALLY IS DEAD. NOW HE IS A MEMBER OF THE ANTI-AMERICAN BAND. WHEN HE GOES INTO ACTION, HIS DOUBLE, JACKSON, TAKES HIS PLACE.

SO! THEY WILL NOT LIKE IT MUCH LONGER, CARL!

THOSE WHO LIVE, NO!

ACE COURIER
LIKE ARMY

AT THE BAND HEADQUARTERS

BUT TO ONE OF OUR ARMY'S CAMPS COMES A POISON WAVE!

THOUSANDS OF EAGER YOUNG CIVILIANS ARE BECOMING TRAINED SOLDIERS.

MESS HALL NO. 7

AND AT ANOTHER CAMP, A DEVASTATING BLAST!

THUS, ALL OVER AMERICA—

I'M GONNA GET ME TOO! OUT OF THE DRAFT! A REAL WAR IS SAFER!

AT ARMY HEADQUARTERS—

THE WHOLE DEFENSE PLAN IS **BOGGING DOWN** UNDER THIS PUBLICITY, GENERAL!

WELL, DO SOMETHING!

IN THE BAND, BLACKBURN HUNTS FOR A CLUE.

GOOD! FINE WORK!

DAILY TAB-BEE
DEFENSE NEEDED FOR
NEW BLAST
KILLS 967

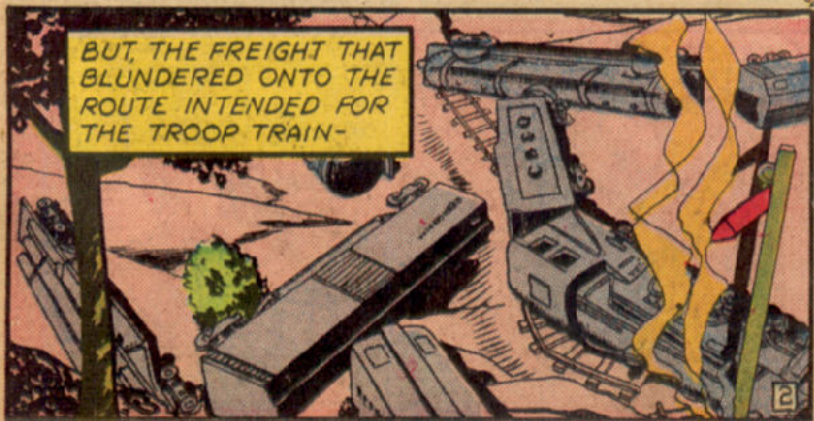
THE NEXT DRAFTEES—

—WILL NOT REACH CAMP!

AND WHILE BRUCE LISTENS—



BRUCE HURRIES TO HIS DOUBLE



WAR DEPARTMENT, THAT NIGHT

TRAINMASTER, ROUTE THE TROOP TRAIN JUST LEAVING BY WAY OF REIDVILLE, JONESBORO AND OCELOT!



JUST CAUGHT A SNOOPER, COLONEL!

THE JOKE'S ON YOU, BRUCE! THAT'S JONES, OUR OLD WATCHMAN!



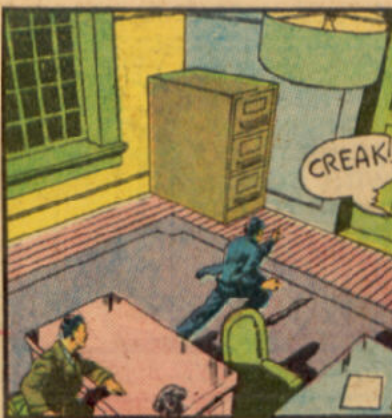
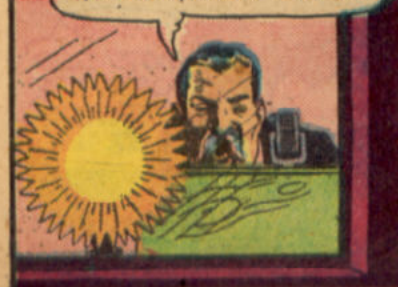
OUTSIDE THE BUILDING

ONLY ONE LIGHTED WINDOW IN THE PLACE! THERE'S OUR LEAK, COLONEL! LET'S GO!



AND INSIDE THE LIGHTED ROOM

Z-11. ENDING REPORT! MORE INFORMATION LATER!



CREAK!

COME HERE, WHOEVER YOU ARE!

BRUCE!



BUT, HALF AN HOUR LATER—

THIS IS COLONEL JORDAN—WHAT? THE F.B.I. WANTS ME!?

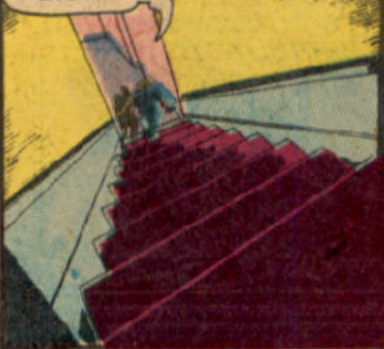


BRUCE, THIS IS WEIRD! SOME EXPERIMENTER JUST PICKED UP A MESSAGE ON A BEAM OF LIGHT! THAT MESSAGE GAVE THE ROUTE OF OUR TRAIN THROUGH REIDVILLE, JONESBORO AND OCELOT!

COME ON, COLONEL!



QUIET! JUST ONE MORE FLIGHT!



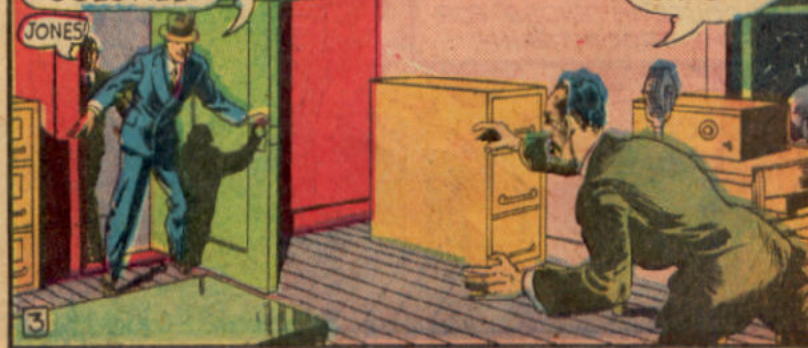
YOU MUST BE RIGHT, BRUCE! THE MAN WHO TOLD THE F.B.I. SAID THE LIGHT CAME FROM THIS DIRECTION!

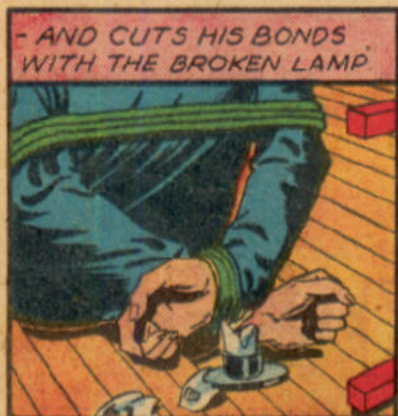
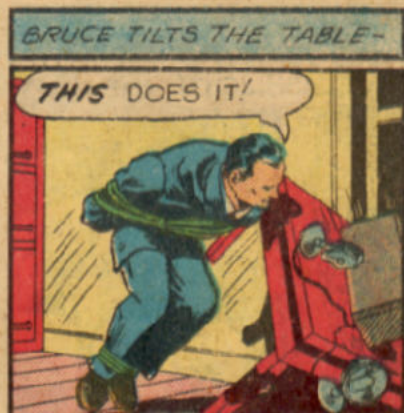


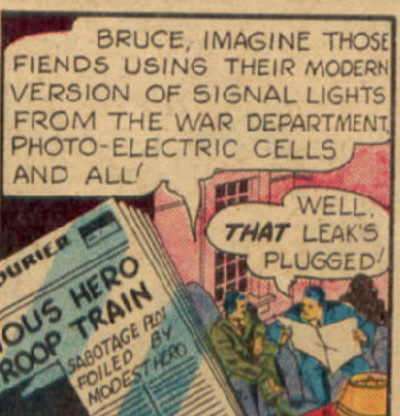
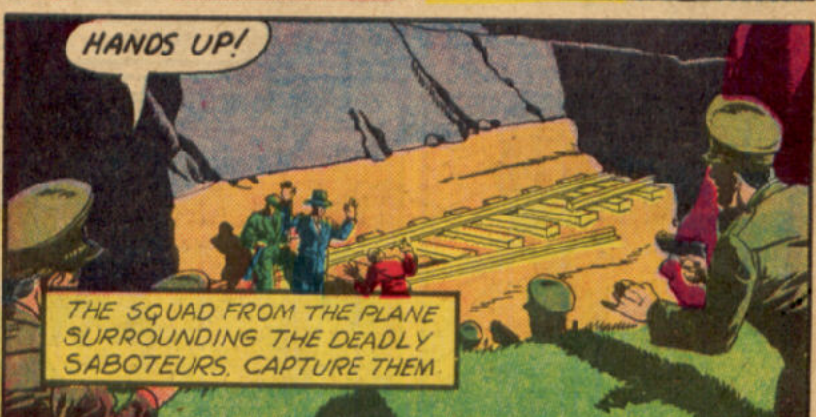
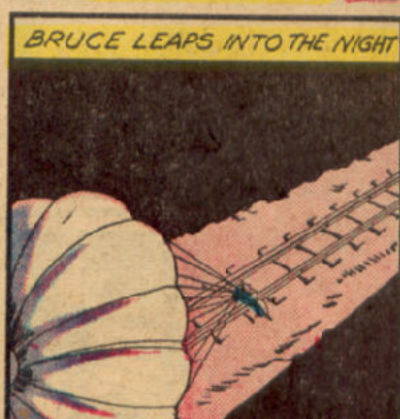
HERE'S YOUR TRAITOR, COLONEL!

JONES!

CAUGHT!







Follow Bruce Blackburn, Counterspy, in the March issue of FEATURE COMICS.

SAMAR

by John Charles



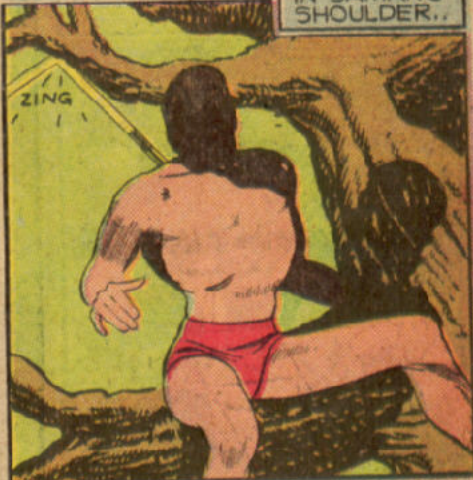
A SAVAGE WARRIOR SEES A STRANGER'S FIGURE IN THE TREES NEAR HIS VILLAGE...



SAMAR, UNAWARE THAT DEATH IS BEING AIMED AT HIM, FINISHES HIS EVENING MEAL...



THE ARROW STRIKES A BRANCH, BOUNCES OFF AND IMBEDS ITSELF IN SAMAR'S SHOULDER.



NOT FAR OFF, ANOTHER MEAL IS BEING FINISHED BY A ROYAL LION AND HIS MATE...



ONE OF THE CUBS HAS WANDERED AWAY AND COMES UPON THE FALLEN WHITE MAN. HE PULLS THE ARROW FROM THE WOUND... SAMAR GROANS, BUT THE PAIN PREVENTS HIM FROM MOVING.



THE LION'S MATE NURSES HIM, LICKING THE WOUND SO THAT IT HEALS.



MANY MOONS PASS...SAMAR HAS BEEN ADOPTED AS A TRUSTED MEMBER OF THE LION'S FAMILY...



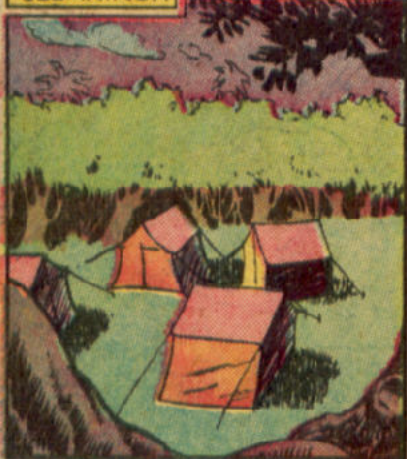
ONE EVENING THE MAN AND BEAST GO HUNTING TOGETHER.



WHEN THEY RETURN...THE CUBS ARE MISSING.



SAMAR SEARCHES THROUGH THE BRUSH...HE COMES TO A WHITE MAN'S CAMP IN A CLEARING.



WE CAN RETURN TO THE STATES NOW, WE'VE GOT TWO FINE HEALTHY LION CUBS FOR THE ZOO.

YES... I'LL BE GLAD TO BE HOME AGAIN, ASHLEY.



JUST THEN, SAMAR STALKS INTO THE CAMP.



RETURN THOSE CUBS TO THEIR MOTHER!

IF YOU REFUSE, I WILL WRECK YOUR ENTIRE CAMP TILL I FIND THEM... THEY ARE THE CHILDREN OF THE JUNGLE... THEY ARE NOT MEANT FOR CAPTIVITY...



BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND... WE ARE NOT GOING TO HURT THE CUBS. WE GIVE THEM BETTER CARE THAN THEY WOULD RECEIVE HERE... PLEASE DON'T MISTRUST US.



THE MAN'S FRIENDLY TONES CONVINCE SAMAR THAT HE IS RIGHT, BUT WHEN HE RETURNS TO THE PARENT LIONS...



GONE! THEY THINK I HAVE BETRAYED THEIR FRIENDSHIP.



THREE EXAMPLES OF BAD CIVILIZED WHITES CREEP STEALTHILY TOWARD THE SLEEPING CAMP...



SAMAR LIFTS THE MAN EASILY IN HIS POWERFUL ARMS AND SWINGS HIM BACK AND FORTH.....



AS THE OTHERS WHIRL ABOUT IN SURPRISE...



HE LETS THEIR COMPANION FLY INTO THEIR STARTLED FACES...



ASHLEY IS AWAKENED BY THE SHOUTS....



AT THE POINT OF GUNS THEY
FORCE THE CROOKS TO
RETREAT.



DON'T
SHOW YOUR
FACES
AROUND
HERE
AGAIN!

BUT JIM TORPINI AND HIS
MEN ARE NOT THROUGH



WE'LL GET THOSE
CUBS SOMEWAY.
I GOT IT! THE
WAHILIS!

THAT GREEDY
OLD CHIEF WILL
SELL HIS SOUL FOR
A FEW STRINGS
OF CHEAP
JEWELRY!



I GOTTA DEAL
FOR YOU, CHIEF...
HOW ABOUT LENDING
ME A FEW MEN
FOR TONIGHT?



TEN MEN COST
THREE ROPES SHINY
STONES... TWENTY
MEN, SIX ROPES.



THE HIRED SAVAGES FILE
THROUGH THE JUNGLE
TOWARD ASHLEY'S CAMP.



THEY'RE OUT ON
GUARD! HIDE IN THE
BUSHES TILL THEY
PASS THIS WAY!



SAMAR HAS OFFERED HIS PROTECTION TO ASHLEY... SUDDENLY...

THE GLEAM OF A SPEAR WARNS HIM



STAND BACK! THERE'S TROUBLE WAITING FOR US IN THOSE BUSHES!



YOUR AMMUNITION WON'T HOLD OUT I'M AFRAID... I'LL GET HELP.

THE LIONS COME AT A RUN...

FROM SAMAR'S THROAT COMES THE ROARING CRY OF AN ANIMAL IN DISTRESS.. IT ECHOES FAR INTO THE HEART OF THE JUNGLE.....



SAMAR JOINS THE FIGHT... SOON THE CROOKS ARE OVERCOME



TERRIFIED, THE NATIVES SCATTER BEFORE THE BEASTS...



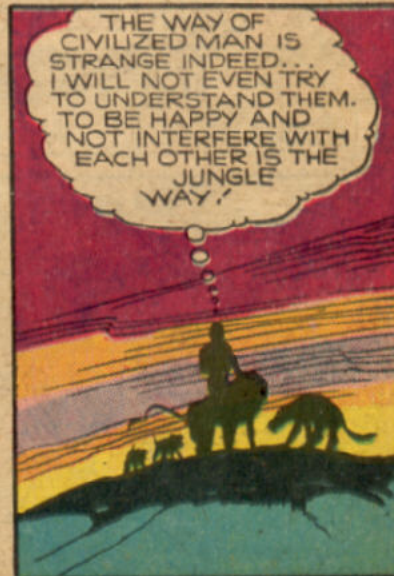
YOU HAVE SAVED OUR LIVES, SAMAR... YOU AND YOUR LION FRIENDS DESERVE MORE THAN OUR GRATITUDE...



SO WE ARE RETURNING THE CUBS... WE WILL HUNT ELSEWHERE AND TRY NOT TO SEPARATE PARENTS FROM THEIR BABIES AGAIN...



THE WAY OF CIVILIZED MAN IS STRANGE INDEED... I WILL NOT EVEN TRY TO UNDERSTAND THEM. TO BE HAPPY AND NOT INTERFERE WITH EACH OTHER IS THE JUNGLE WAY!



Another thrill packed episode of Samar in the March issue of FEATURE COMICS.

POISON IVY

THE MIGHTY MITE

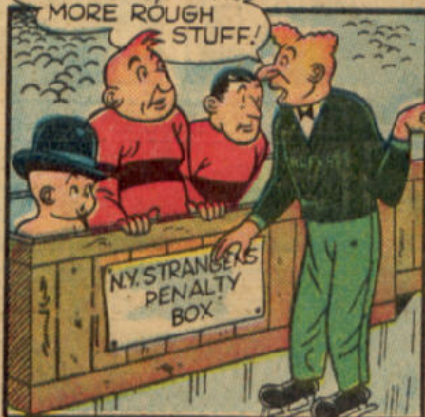
by
GILL FOX-

I THINK I'LL GO IN AN' SEE THIS HOCKEY GAME, INSTEAD O' GOIN' ICE SKATIN'!

MADISON ROUND GARDEN
HOCKEY TODAY!
TORONTO TEA LEAFS
versus
NEW YORK STRANGERS



OKAY, GET BACK ON TH' ICE YOU GUYS, AN' NO MORE ROUGH STUFF!



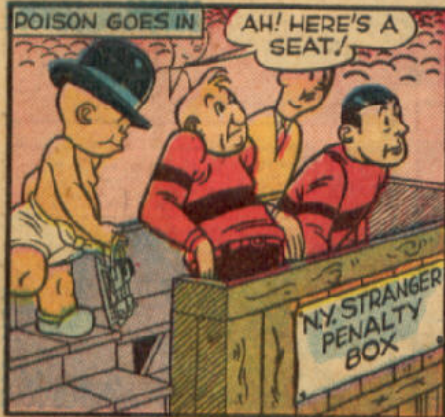
HURRY UP, YOU! IF YOU'RE IN TH' NEW YORK PENALTY BOX YA MUST BE ON TH' TEAM!

OKAY! OKAY! WAIT'LL I GET MY SKATES ON!



POISON GOES IN

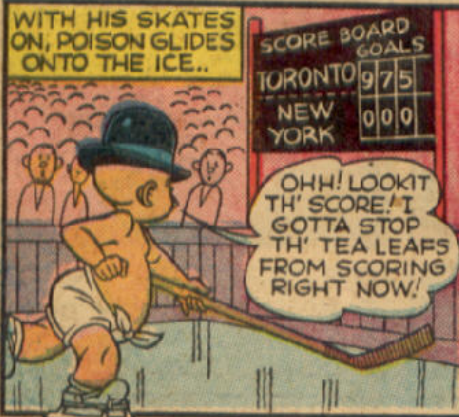
AH! HERE'S A SEAT!



WITH HIS SKATES ON, POISON GLIDES ONTO THE ICE..

SCORE BOARD GOALS	
TORONTO	975
NEW YORK	000

OHH! LOOKIT TH' SCORE! I GOTTA STOP TH' TEA LEAFS FROM SCORING RIGHT NOW!



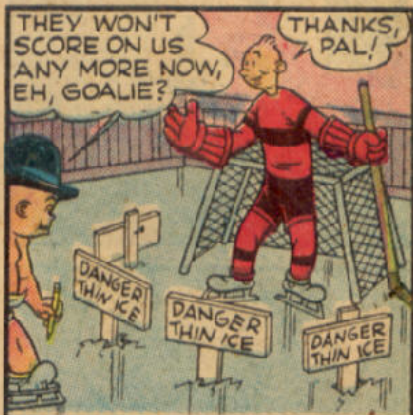
POISON BORROWS A PENCIL FROM A SPECTATOR

A COUPLE OF THESE SLATS WILL DO TH' TRICK!



THEY WON'T SCORE ON US ANY MORE NOW, EH, GOALIE?

THANKS, PAL!



AND NOW TO MAKE A COUPLE OF GOALS FOR MY SIDE!



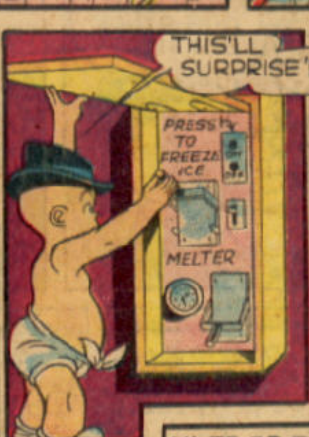
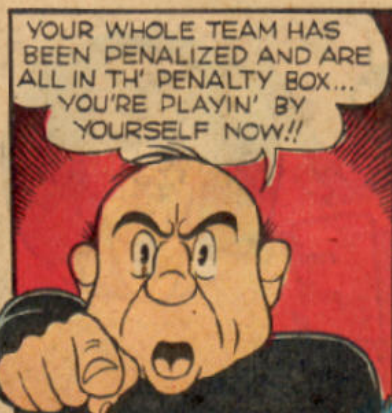
A SHOT OFF THE SIDE-BOARDS, A TWIST AND WE HAVE A GOAL!



SCORE AGAINST MY TEAM, WILL YA?!

OHH! MY DERBY!





DUSTY DANE



DUSTY DANE AND BIG MIKE CARDIGAN COME TO PAPUA TO AID BEAUTIFUL PAT MORLEY IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF HER GOLD CLAIM.

DEEP IN THE MINE SHAFT DRILLED IN THE BASE OF AN EXTINCT VOLCANO, THEY DISCOVER GOLD!

SAINTS BE PRAISED! IT'S GOLD!

GRAB A SHOVEL AND START DIGGING...WE'LL LOOK OVER THINGS!



IN A FEW MINUTES THE WORK IS DONE..

HEY, DUSTY..LOOK! A WALL OF SOLID GOLD..IT MUST BE WORTH A FORTUNE!



WITH A MESS OF GOLD LIKE THAT, I GUESS YOU WON'T BE NEEDING US ANYMORE, PAT!

NOT SO FAST, BOYS..WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW HOW THIS STUFF GOT HERE!



IT LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE A MYSTERY ON OUR HANDS! THE GUY WHO SOLD ME THIS MINE CERTAINLY DIDN'T BUILD THAT WALL, IT MUST HAVE BEEN BUILT BY SOME STRANGE PEOPLE IN THE VOLCANO'S CRATER!



COME ON..WE'LL BATTER IT DOWN!



THERE'S A CAVE ON TH' OTHER SIDE!



WELL..WHAT'RE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S GO !!

KEEP YOUR GUNS READY..JUST IN CASE OF TROUBLE



PRESENTLY THEY HEAR THE CLASH OF ARMS BEYOND THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE

LISTEN..SOUNDS LIKE A YOUNG WAR OUT THERE!



YOU'RE RIGHT! THERE IS A BUNCH OF STRANGE WARRIORS GANGIN' UP ON SOME GUY!

I DON'T KNOW WHO THEY ARE, BUT IT DOESN'T LOOK FAIR TO ME!





AT DAWN THE LITTLE PARTY SETS OUT FOR THE CAPITAL CITY OF VOLCANIA..

WE'LL SURPRISE BALOK.. HE'LL NEVER EXPECT ME TO COME TO THE CITY!

A HOSTILE FIGURE HIDDEN IN A GROVE OF TREES EYES THEM..

..AND THEN TURNS AND RACES AWAY..

PRINCE KU AND THREE STRANGERS.. BALOK WILL WANT TO KNOW OF THIS!

AT BALOK'S PALACE..

QUICK, YOU FOOL.. TELL BALOK I HAVE URGENT NEWS FOR HIM!

WELL.. WHAT IS IT?

PRINCE KU IS COMING, BALOK!

MY BROTHER! AS LONG AS HE LIVES I AM IN DANGER! THIS TIME I'LL GET RID OF HIM FOREVER!

PRINCE KU AND HIS COMRADES APPROACH THE PALACE...

THEY COME! GET READY!

DUSTY CATCHES THE GLINT OF A METAL HELMET ON THE WALL

STOP! GET BACK!

BUT A HEAVY NET IS DROPPED FROM ABOVE..

HEY! WHO DROPPED THIS HAIR NET ON US?

ONE OF THEM IS ESCAPING.. GET HIM!

PUFF PUFF.. I'VE ELUDED THEM! THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE MY FRIENDS IS TO PROVE KU IS THE RIGHTFUL RULER!

THE PRISONERS ARE BROUGHT INTO THE THRONE ROOM...

SO, MY BROTHER, YOUR PLAN HAS FAILED!



ONLY ONE OF US CAN RULE VOLCANIA. AND I SHALL BE THAT ONE... TOO BAD YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS MUST DIE! GROOL, COME, I HAVE WORK FOR YOU!



A SUDDEN COMMOTION AT THE DOOR HALTS THE EXECUTION

OUT OF MY WAY, YOU THIRD-RATE GORILLAS!



HEY! BE CAREFUL WITH THAT MEAT CHOPPER!



YOU'RE LIABLE TO HURT SOMEBODY!



SEE? BALOK HAS TRICKED YOU! I, PRINCE KU, AM THE REAL KING OF VOLCANIA!



KU RIPS BALOK'S CLOAK, EXPOSING THE SCAR TO THE PEOPLE.

I'VE LOST, BUT YOU'LL NEVER WEAR THE CROWN!



PRINCE KU MATCHES SWORDS WITH HIS TREACHEROUS BROTHER, AFTER A SHORT STRUGGLE, BALOK LIES STILL..



BEARING FABULOUS GIFTS OF GOLD, THE LITTLE PARTY LEAVES THE CRATER..

NICE OF PRINCE KU TO GIVE US THESE SOUVENIRS, DUSTY!



YEAH.. BUT I'M WONDERING WHAT I'D HAVE LOOKED LIKE IF THAT GORILLA WITH THE OVER-GROWN RAZOR HADN'T MISSED!



LALA PALOOZA

JUST LOOK AT THAT SUIT! WHY DON'T YOU HAVE IT CLEANED AND PRESSED?

FOUR BITS IS ONE REASON!

WELL- YOU HAD \$2.00 ONLY THIS MORNING!

YEAH- AND THIS AFTERNOON A HORSE NAMED WINGED FANCY PANTS DID NOT RUN IN THE MONEY!

WELL - YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANOTHER HANDOUT FROM ME - AND THAT'S FINAL!

OH, ALL RIGHT - BUT YOU CAN'T EXPECT ME TO BE A BEAU BRUMMEL ON AN OLIVER TWIST INCOME!

OH - HERE - GO GET FIXED UP! I CAN'T HAVE YOU LOOKING LIKE A HOBO'S DEPENDENT!

I GUESS LALA'S RIGHT - THE MONEY I SQUANDER WOULD BUY ME MY OWN POOL PARLOR IN FORTY OR FIFTY YEARS!

WHY THE GASOLINE?

I BOUGHT IT FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF CLEANING MY SUIT!

I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE - THE FIRE DEPARTMENT WARNS AGAINST USING GASOLINE IN THE HOUSE!

WHEN THE FIRE DEPARTMENT WORRIES ABOUT MY SUIT - I'LL WORRY ABOUT THEIR THEORIES!

TSK, TSK! AND SHE'S THE ONE WHO'S ALWAYS PREACHIN' ECONOMY!

GASOLINE

GASOLINE

GAS

BOOM

CLEANED AND PRESSED PLEASE!

FIRST CLASS TAILOR

?

LALA PALOOZA

Y' MEAN TO SAY THEY'VE GIVEN YOU A GUN?



More of Lala Palooza and Vincent in the March issue of FEATURE COMICS.



ZERO

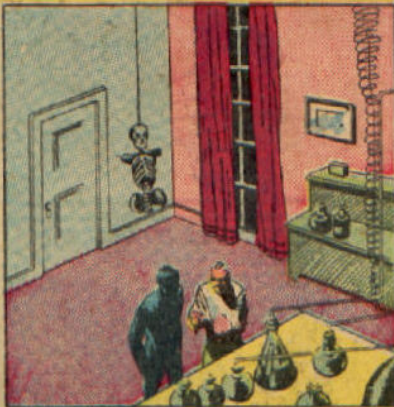
GHOST

by Noel
Fowler

DETECTIVE



ZERO, THE FAMOUS SLEUTH OF THE SUPERNATURAL IS IN THE STUDY OF DR. CHADWICK, EMINENT ANTHROPOLOGIST... HE IS LISTENING TO THE TALE OF A STRANGE COINCIDENCE...



IT IS AN ODD LOOKING SKULL, DOCTOR.

ODD, YES? AND UNIQUE IN THAT IT IS NOT A MATTER OF EVOLUTION, BUT AN ACCIDENT OF BIRTH THAT GAVE IT THIS JUTTING CHIN!



IT WAS DUG UP IN EGYPT QUITE RECENTLY, I SHOULD DATE IT ABOUT 100 B.C... THIS CHIN IS NOT A RACIAL CHARACTERISTIC, BUT COULD BELONG TO ONLY ONE INDIVIDUAL.



NOW, LOOK AT THIS PHOTOGRAPH THAT I SNAPPED OF A PROWLER IN MY GARDEN SEVERAL NIGHTS AGO!

WHY THIS IS REMARKABLE!



THE VERY SAME CHIN FORMATION... I SNAPPED HIM AS HE SAW THE LIGHT IN MY WINDOW AND FLED!

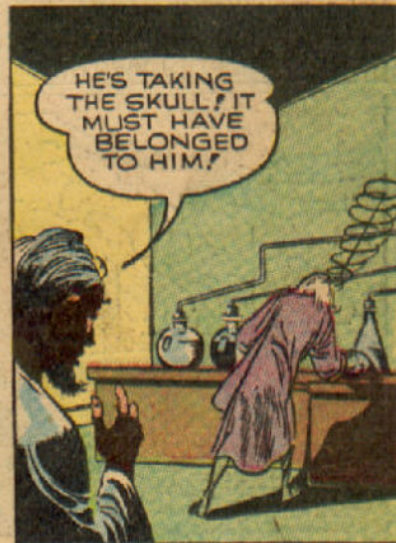




SLOWLY THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN, BRINGING A FAINT BREEZE AND THE MUSTY ODOR OF ANCIENT CLOTHES.



WITHOUT LOOKING TO RIGHT OR LEFT, THE WRAITH-LIKE FIGURE WALKS STRAIGHT TOWARD THE SPECIMEN SHELF.



AS THE FIGURE TURNS TO GO, THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER, WANDA, COMES TO THE DOOR.



FAINTING, SHE IS CAUGHT BY THE GHASTLY THING THAT FRIGHTENED HER, AND IS CARRIED FROM THE ROOM.



IN TERROR, THE DOCTOR CHASES AFTER THEM, AS GHOST AND GIRL DISAPPEAR ACROSS THE GARDEN.



ZERO ASKS FOR THE EXACT LOCATION WHERE THE STRANGE SKULL HAD BEEN FOUND.



IN A FEW WEEKS ZERO ARRIVES AT CAIRO, EGYPT. THE LAND WHERE PAST AND PRESENT OFTEN MEET.



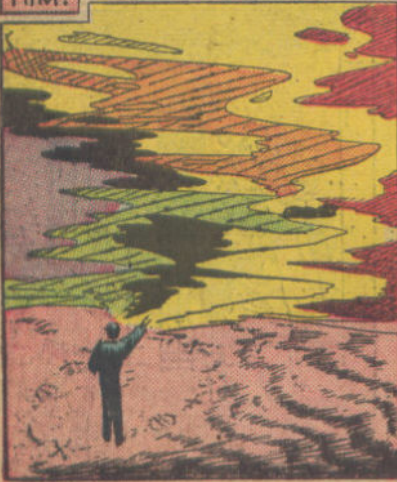
HE ASKS A NATIVE GUIDE TO ESCORT HIM TO THE SPOT MARKED ON THE MAP.



ZERO DISMISSES THE GUIDE AND DRAWS A MYSTIC RING IN THE SAND..STANDING WITHIN IT, HE INTONES A STRANGE CHANT.



MULTI-COLORED VAPORS SWIM ABOUT HIM, OBLITERATING THE PRESENT. WHEN THEY SETTLE, THE PAST HAS RISEN BEFORE HIM.

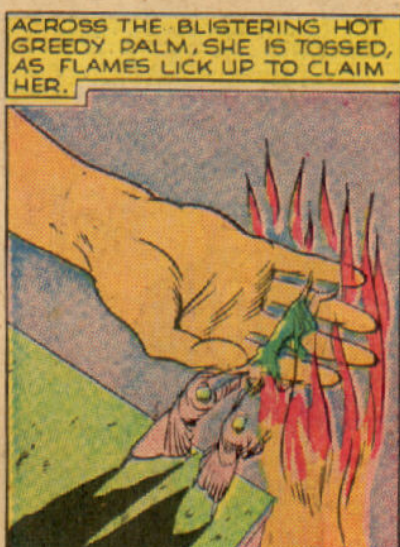


THE MIGHTY IDOL MOLOCH SITS WITH OUTSTRETCHED PALMS AWAITING THE SACRIFICE.



ZERO SEES THAT HE HAS NOT ARRIVED TOO LATE..WANDA IS BEING CARRIED BY HER CAPTOR BEFORE THE HIGH PRIEST.





AS ZERO LEAPS FORWARD, THE STRONG ARMS OF THE PHANTOM IDOL WORSHIPERS SEIZE HIM.



HE FIGHTS FIERCELY, BUT HIS MORTAL FISTS CAN DO NO DAMAGE TO THE SPECTRE HORDE.

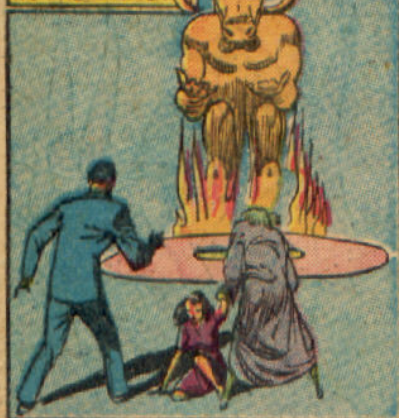


THIS GIRL IS OF THE FUTURE! YOU CAN'T SACRIFICE HER!

THE PAST IS TOO STRONG A FORCE FOR YOUR TEMPORAL POWERS TO COMBAT! GO BACK TO YOUR TIME! YOU CAN'T WIN HERE!



SUDDENLY ZERO'S EYES FALL UPON A CIRCLE ON THE FLOOR... THE SAME MAGIC RING THAT HE HAD MARKED IN THE SAND.



STANDING WITHIN IT, HE GESTURES.



RETURN TO DUST, OH MOLOCH!

ONCE MORE THE VAPORS MIST THE AIR. THE GHOST DETECTIVE AND GIRL RETURN TO THE PRESENT DAY.



ON BOARD THE HOME-BOUND SHIP.



MR. ZERO, DO YOU KNOW, I AM ALMOST GLAD I HAD THAT EXPERIENCE. IT'S SOMETHING TO REMEMBER... AND YOU WERE SO WONDERFUL!

ER. YES... WELL, IT'LL BE GOOD TO BE HOME AGAIN.

SOON THE BOAT DOCKS



DR CHADWICK GREET'S HIS DAUGHTER WITH TEARS OF JOY...

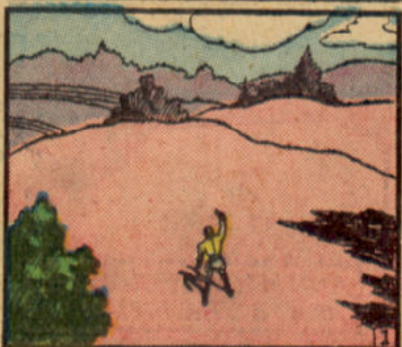
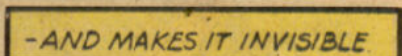
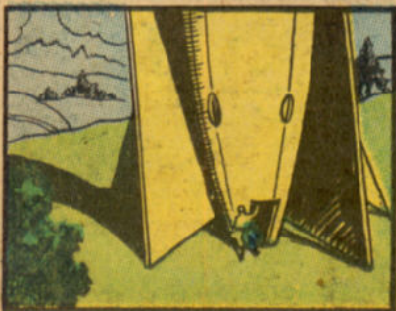
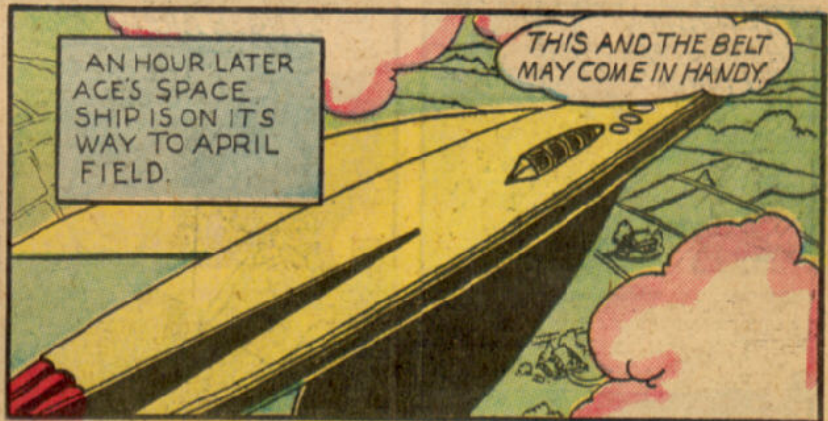
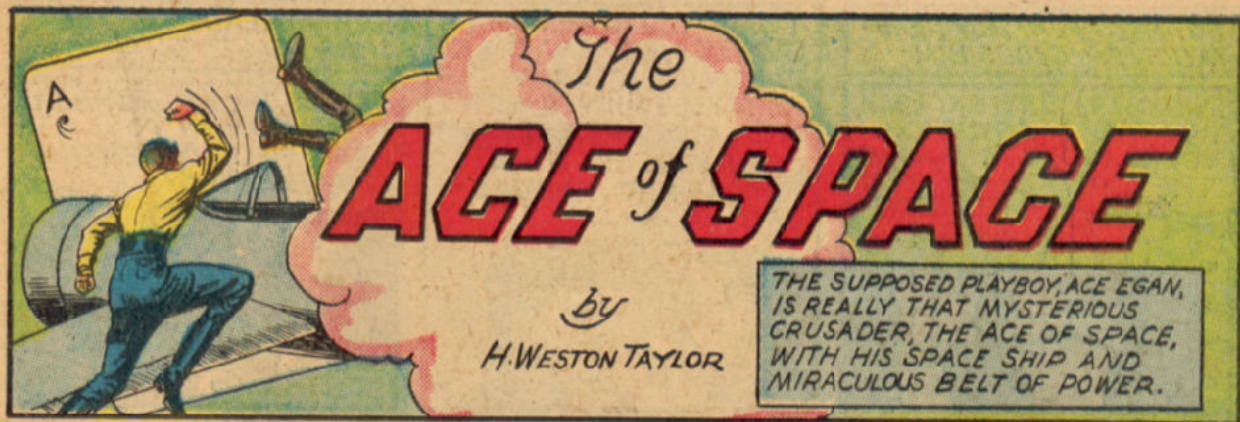
WANDA BABY?... MR. ZERO, I AM INDEBTED TO YOU FOR LIFE! OH, DAD!



IT'S STILL HARD TO BELIEVE... THAT SKULL...

I BROUGHT IT BACK AS A SOUVENIR. SORRY THE JEWELS WENT BACK INTO THE PAST!





BUT **ACE'S** PLAY BOY REPUTATION PRECEDES HIM...

REMEMBER, LIEUTENANT EGAN, THIS **PLAY BOY STUFF** OF YOURS IS OUT IN THE ARMY!

I'LL BEHAVE, MAJOR!



I WANT YOU TO BE **MOST CAREFUL** WHO **YOU TALK** TO, BECAUSE A FLYING **FORTRESS** EQUIPPED WITH THE LATEST **SECRET BOMB SIGHT** WILL GET HERE TONIGHT, AND **NO WORD** OF IT MUST LEAK OUT.



BUT ALREADY THE NEWS HAS LEAKED OUT!

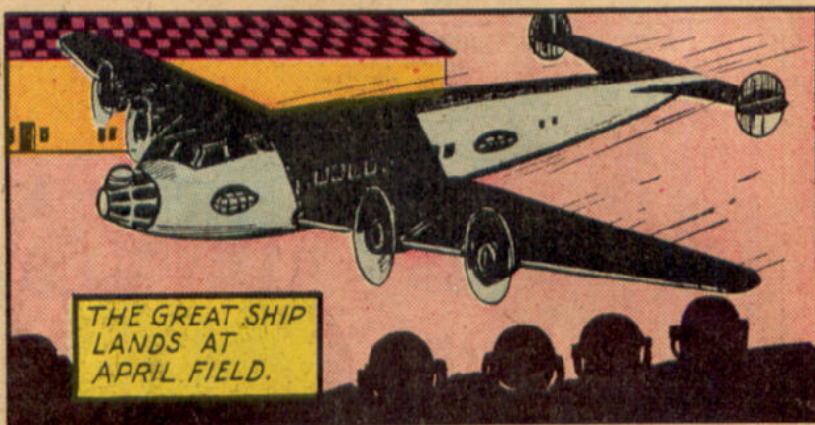
CARLOS, THE **BIG BOMBER** IS ON ITS WAY TO APRIL FIELD, **ORDER OUT THREE SHIPS!**



FORTRESS COMING IN, MAJOR!



LATER -



THE GREAT SHIP LANDS AT APRIL FIELD.

BUT HIGH OVERHEAD, THREE STRANGE SHIPS SLANT DOWN TOWARD APRIL FIELD



SAY, THOSE AREN'T ARMY SHIPS!

THEY'RE GOING TO SET DOWN **HERE!**

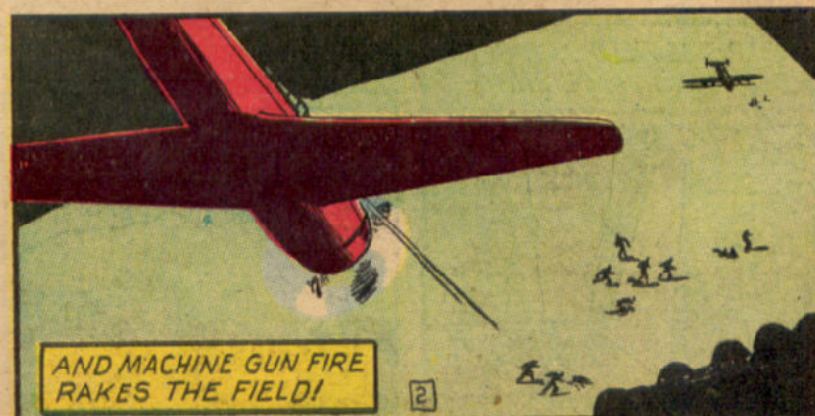


THEY CAN'T GET AWAY WITH **THIS!**



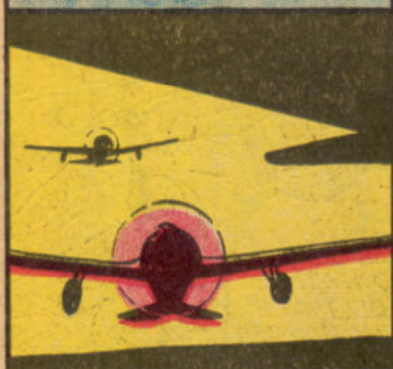
BUT ON ONE OF THE THREE MYSTERY PLANES -

FIRE!

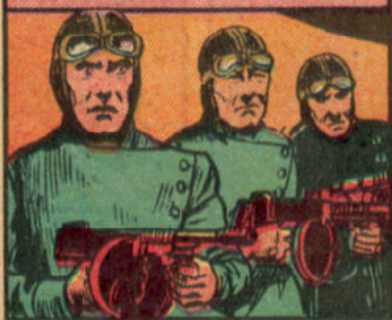


AND MACHINE GUN FIRE RAKES THE FIELD!

THE STRANGE SHIPS LAND—



—AND WHILE THEY HOLD
THE ARMY MEN AT BAY
WITH MACHINE GUNS—



—4 OF THEIR GROUP
HEAD FOR THE BOMBER.



GREAT GUNS! THEY'RE
GOING TO STEAL
THAT FLYING FORTRESS!



I'LL BE MORE USEFUL AS
THE ACE OF SPACE!



EGAN, COME BACK HERE!



ACE SPRINTS TO HIS ROOM



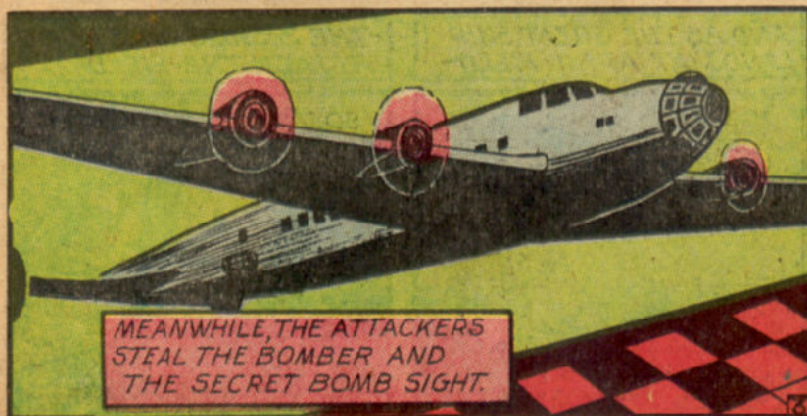
AND PUTS ON GOGGLES
AND HIS BELT OF POWER

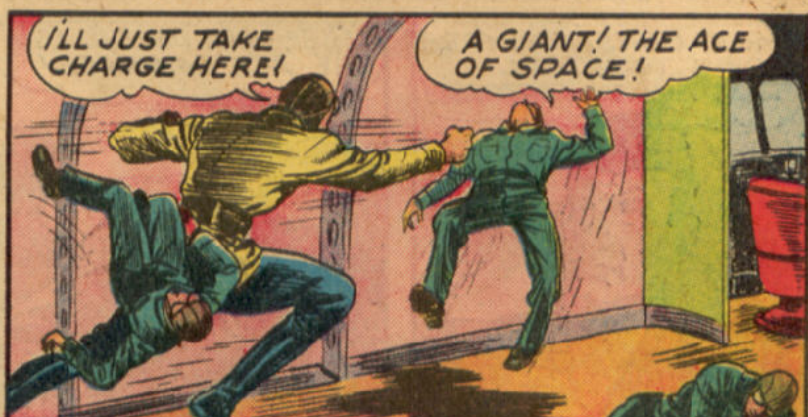
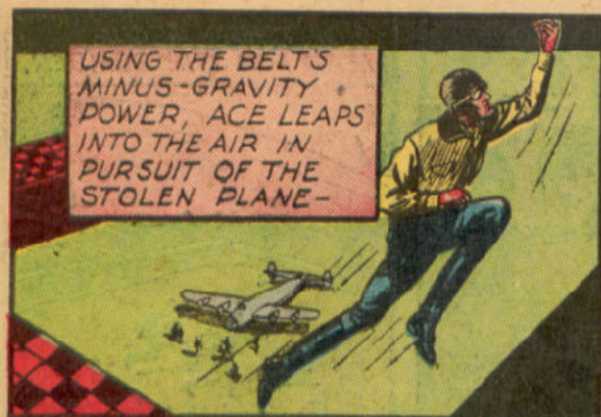


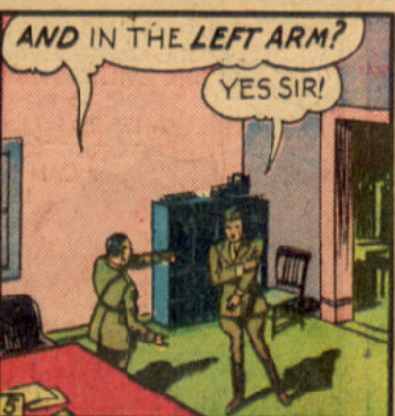
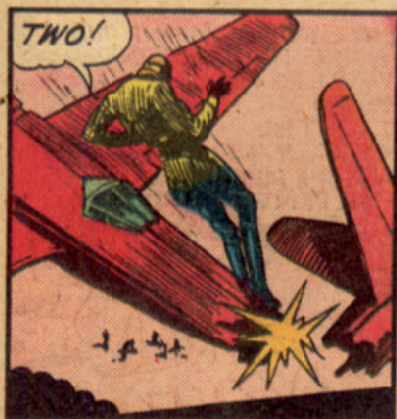
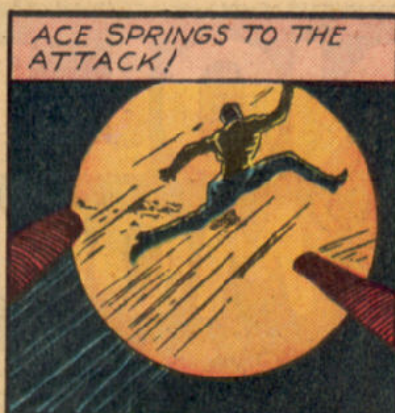
—AND GROWS TO A
NINE-FOOT GIANT!



MEANWHILE, THE ATTACKERS
STEAL THE BOMBER AND
THE SECRET BOMB SIGHT.







USA, the Spirit of Old Glory, starts in the March issue of FEATURE COMICS.

REYNOLDS OF THE MOUNTED

by **DART PINGJIAN**



NICE WORK, SERGEANT—THAT'S ANOTHER CROOKED TRAPPER WHO'LL BE PUT BEHIND BARS—I WON'T BE NEEDING YOU, SO TAKE THE REST OF THE DAY OFF!



SURE IS NICE UP HERE—GOSH! THE AIR IS MAKING ME SLEEPY!



CROOKED TRAPPERS, CONVICTS, PROSPECTORS—THAT'S ALL I'VE HUNTED FOR YEARS—THERE'S NO ADVENTURE IN THAT... THINGS ARE CERTAINLY GETTING DULL!



I'LL BET THE KNIGHTS OF OLD HAD REAL TIMES.... DRAGONS, TOURNAMENTS, MAGICIANS.... BOY! THOSE WERE THE DAYS!

SUDDENLY REYNOLDS SEES A FIGURE BEFORE HIM...



WHAT TH—! A DWARF!

MOUNTIE—COME QUICK...MY PEOPLE NEED YOU!



WHAT'S UP?

I AM LUCO, KING OF THE DWARFS—MU, THE EVIL MAGICIAN HAS GONE TO BRING THE GIANTS TO KILL US—ONLY YOU CAN SAVE US!



I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT, BUT LEAD ON, LUCO!

FOLLOWING THE DWARF, REYNOLDS IS LED INTO A WEIRD FOREST.....



AND THROUGH THE TRUNK OF A HUGE TREE...



SO THAT'S WHERE YOU LIVE...SEEMS QUIET AND PEACEFUL HERE!!



SUDDENLY A DWARF COMES RUNNING UP TO THEM...



LOOK! YOU HAVE ALWAYS WANTED REAL ADVENTURE, MOUNTIE.... NOW IS YOUR CHANCE —YOU MUST FIGHT THE GIANTS AND SAVE OUR LAND!



FROM OVER THE HILL REYNOLDS SEES THREE FIGURES COMING TOWARD THE CLIFF DWELLINGS OF LUCO AND HIS PEOPLE.....



WOW! I DIDN'T KNOW THEY CAME THAT BIG—WHAT A MESS I GOT IN! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM, LUCO, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO HELP... LISTEN—



AS THE GIANTS ENTER THE VILLAGE



STOP! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST...I'M TAKING YOU TO HEADQUARTERS RIGHT NOW!



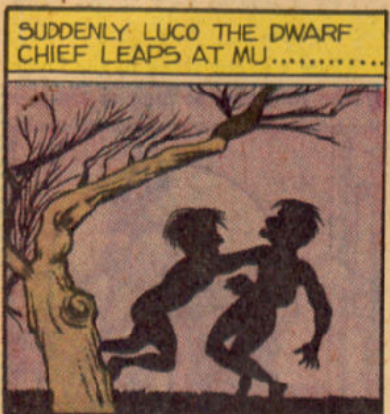
AND HOW ARE YA GONER DO THAT, SONNY BOY?



I AM THE RIGHTFUL KING HERE, MOUNTIE....YOU WILL DIE WITH LUCO AND THE OTHERS WHO DO NOT ACCEPT ME AS THEIR KING—SEIZE HIM—!!







THE BLACK RAIDER



The cutter *Ramases* sped through the dark seas with a bone in her teeth. Perry Scott strode back and forth in the captain's cabin, a worried expression on his tanned face.

Ever since they had left San Diego, two hundred miles astern, the radio had brought in a series of tragedies. First, there had been the firing of the United Fruit boat, *Maricopa*. Then the Uruguay tanker, *Avista*. Almost on the heels of the latter had come an insistent SOS from the Peruvian gunboat, *San Jose*.

All these boats had been attacked by a black submarine flying no flag—a pirate.

"A fat chance we've got of knockin' over an armed sub," growled Captain Rollins as he watched young Scott stride back and forth. "We got barely a half crew and we're short of guns."

Perry halted. "I don't think, Captain, that guns will be of much use on this job."

Captain Rollins nodded morosely. "Mebbe we've bit off more'n we can chew, son. Oh, well—"

During the next two days, Sparks picked up the ugly details of three more sea tragedies, all charged up to the malicious activities of the sub raider. In one case the crew of a Peruvian fruiter had been strafed by machine-gun fire after it had taken to the lifeboats.

At a little past two in the morning the *Ramases* entered the danger zone and Captain Rollins signalled the engine room for STOP. The slim cutter drifted silently through the black waters, its lights out. The

crew spoke in soft tones and each man donned sneakers so that there would be no sound of footfalls on the steel decks.

Perry sat in his cabin and tried to figure out the best method of attack. That it would take a clever stunt he knew; this was no ordinary submarine. And certainly its crew had proved uncanny. Nine ships had fallen victim to its guns and torpedoes. None had escaped its terrible fire.

About three o'clock, the under-sea sound detector picked up the soft throb of engines.

"Two hundred feet down—three points off the starb'd bow," reported Jim, the operator

Captain Rollins nodded. "Keep it in the beam, Jim," he said. "We're about thirty miles off the Chile coast—just about where the *Maricopa* was scuttled."

Perry had just come up on deck, still a bit in the fog about some plan, when Jim waved excitedly from his booth.

"What is it?" Captain Rollins wanted to know.

"They're coming up! They've cut their engines and are coming up fast!"

"Where are they?" asked Perry.

"Twenty points off the starb'd quarter, sir."

"Then let us sit tight, Captain," Perry said. "They probably don't know we're up here. If we try moving now—"

Perry's words were cut short by a sound like a whale sounding. A good city block off, the great dark

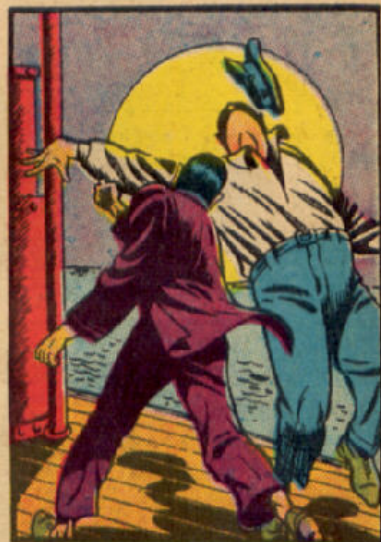
shape of the sub cleared the water. It was too dark to make out any details, and for that the *Ramases* crew was thankful.

Perry hoped the raiders would not use their searchlight. For then it would be a matter of running, and a cutter is no match for a submarine.

The black boat evidently had business elsewhere because immediately they cut in their engines and moved off into the night.

"We'll follow, slow speed," said the captain.

There was one thing in the favor of the *Ramases*: so long as the sub



proceeded on the surface, they could not detect the sound of the cutter's engines.

They had cruised about ten miles when the sub halted and lay to. The engines on the cutter were instantly shut off and again a blank silence held forth. Perry wondered just what their game was now. Was it that they . . .

His speculations ended suddenly. Far off the riding lights of a ship appeared. It was approaching them rapidly, would pass them about a mile off if they didn't change course.

Captain Rollins grew a bit anxious. To be rammed was no

pleasant prospect. Perry, however, prevailed upon him to remain where they were.

The oncoming ship was a mile off when the fireworks began. The sub had moved up to within five hundred yards of its victim. The torpedo struck the doomed ship full amidships and a blast of flame tore through the dark skies. In its flare the crew could be seen leaping over the side. The shrill scream of blocks rattled across the water—the falls lowering the lifeboats.

"Well, that's that," Captain Rollins said bitterly. "The dirty rats. Not a warning—nothing."

"Watch," Perry Scott spoke at his elbow.

The sub had sent up a parachute flare. It burst aloft, a hundred yards from the torpedoed ship, and began settling. Its calcium flare lighted up the ocean for a mile in every direction.

Captain Rollins swore softly. "They'll spot us now. Guess we'd better try getting out of here."

He spoke into the engine room phone. The diesels came to life and the cutter came about and headed into the darkness. As the bow swung away from the scene of the tragedy, a sharp hissing sound sped past.

"Whew!" said Captain Rollins, "that was close! Full speed!" he barked into the tube.

When they had attained what they deemed a safe distance away, Perry ordered them to change course and head toward the coast.

"Maybe we can lend a hand to those poor devils," he said. "But I imagine they all got off safely. At least the sub didn't strafe the lifeboats."

The flare was dying out. In its last glow, the sub was seen submerging. The crippled ship's engines blew up with a thunderous

explosion and she went down fast.

All that day the *Ramases* lay in hiding in the Bay of Barria. Three more tragedies were reported by Sparks. Then about midnight, Perry suggested that they make a circuit of the bay.

Captain Rollins was in the act of ordering the engines started when the sound of a sub coming to the surface reached their ears. The black raider came up less than a mile off, and no further sounds issued from her.

"Evidently they're going to turn in," Perry said to the captain. "If so, I'll have a good chance to try my scheme."

Just what Perry's "scheme" was he would not reveal. He merely



ordered three collapsible boats brought up on deck. Then he made a discovery: the inflation tanks were empty!

"And not a spot of gas on board," Captain Rollins stated.

Perry went down into the galley. With the cook's help he rounded up fifty gallons of vinegar. This he poured into the inflation tanks. Captain Rollins watched him in astonishment. Perry kept mum. When the collapsible boats were ready, he had them lowered to the water. Then he got into one, picked up the paddle, and fastened a rope to the other two.

It was pitch dark when Perry drew alongside the quiet raider.

Very carefully he climbed aboard. A short-arm jab put the watchman out for the count. Then Perry pulled the two boats aboard, leaving the one he had paddled.

The conning tower cover came up easily. With hardly a rustle of noise, Perry hoisted a sack and emptied its contents into the boat's two inflation tanks. Next he slit the coverings. Then with rope he lowered the two boats into the conning tower and closed the cover, locking it.

He touched the signal button and spoke into the bridge phone. "Surrender immediately, or you'll all suffocate," he said. "I've just emptied several thousand feet of carbon dioxide gas in there. Your oxygen will be exhausted in less than an hour. What's the answer?"

A gruff voice pounded into his ear, a voice with a thick, foreign accent: "We'll surrender. Open the tower!"

"Okay," Perry replied. "Come up with your hands raised and no guns. We've got you covered."

By this time the *Ramases* had drawn alongside and now part of the crew was boarding the sub, with ready guns. It was a simple matter to take the entire crew without a struggle.

"How the heck did you do it?" Captain Rollins demanded, after the raiders were in irons below. "You didn't have any dioxide gas in those tanks."

Perry grinned. "Oh, yes, I did, Cap. You see, I learned a trick in school chemistry. By dropping common soda into vinegar you create carbon dioxide gas."

Epic in Bronze
A FAST-MOVING PERRY SCOTT STORY
IN THE MARCH ISSUE OF
FEATURE COMICS
On Sale January 24th

RUSTY

RYAN

OF BOYVILLE

BY PAUL GUSTAVSON

AT LAKE TOTOWA, THE INTERSTATE TWO-MAN ICE-BOAT RACES ARE IN FULL SWING, WITH BOYVILLE AND LAKEWOOD PREP NECK-AND-NECK FOR FIRST PLACE..

THOSE TWO FELLOWS FROM LAKEWOOD. SURE CAN GO, EH RUSTY?

YOU SAID IT, SMILEY!

NEARER AND NEARER THE FINISH LINE THE TWO ICE-BOATS DRAW, WHEN SUDDENLY ONE OF LAKEWOOD'S MEN SPILLS...

OH-OH! GOOD THING HE'S SLIDING OUT INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE LAKE INSTEAD OF TOWARDS THE SHORE.. WELL, THE RACE IS IN THE BAG!

AT BETTER THAN A MILE A MINUTE, THE LAKEWOOD BOAT WITH THE REMAINING MAN ON IT, HEADS FOR THE DEADLY SHORE OF THE LAKE..

HE'LL BE KILLED!

TIGHTEN UP ON THE SAIL, SMILEY- AND CUT OVER TO HIM!

QUICKLY RUSTY CRAWLS OUT ON THE CROSS-BAR..

THAT FELLOW IS HURT.. HE ISN'T EVEN TRYING TO STEER HIS BOAT!

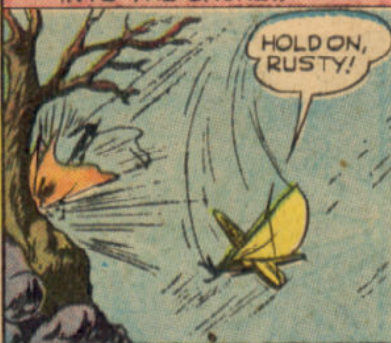
STEADY... SLACK ON THE SAIL!

ALL SET, SMILEY.. CUT HER HARD!

RUSTY GRABS THE LIMP BODY OF THE LAKEWOOD PILOT.. AND LIFTS HIM CLEAR AS SMILEY QUICKLY SHIFTS THE SAILS...



A SPLIT SECOND LATER THE LAKEWOOD BOAT CRASHES INTO THE SHORE..



GULP! BOY! THAT WAS CLOSE!



FORGET ABOUT THE RACE, SMILEY..THERE'LL BE ANOTHER NEXT YEAR!



IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT?

I DON'T KNOW..THIS FELLOW IS UNCONSCIOUS!



HMMM...GOOD HEAVENS! THIS BOY HAS BEEN SHOT! GET AN AMBULANCE... HURRY!



SHOT?

GOSH! C'MON, RUSTY... THERE'S A PHONE AT THE INN!



AS THE TWO BOYS RETURN AFTER CALLING THE AMBULANCE...



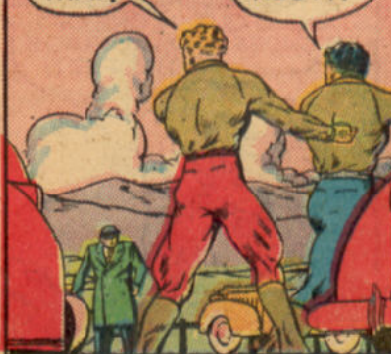
YOU CLUMSY FOOL... GET IN THERE!

AS A HEAVY MAN PUSHES ANOTHER INTO A CAR, A RIFLE DROPS FROM IT...



DID YOU SEE THAT?

YES! C'MON, RUSTY!



HEY..WAIT A MINUTE.. THOSE KIDS...

MAYBE THEY SAW TH' GUN!



THE TWO MEN RUSH FOR RUSTY AND SMILEY, WHO IN TURN HEAD FOR THE CROWD OF PEOPLE ON THE LAKE...



CAPPY! THE MEN THAT DID THE SHOOTING...THEY'RE AFTER US!



CAPPY JENKS SHOUTS TO THE CROWD..AND THE TWO MEN RUN INTO AN ANGRY GROUP OF SPECTATORS...



SHOOTIN' TH' KID WAS A MISTAKE..WE WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO DO THAT.. JUST SEE THAT LAKEWOOD DIDN'T WIN!



NOBODY! I AIN'T TAKIN' THIS RAP! IT WAS...



THE THUG SUDDENLY STIFFENS AND FALLS TO THE ICE..



HE'S DEAD! LOOK...A SMALL DART IN THE BACK OF HIS NECK! WE'LL CALL THE POLICE!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

SMILEY, THAT FELLOW WAS SHOT IN THE BACK..AND IF YOU NOTICED, THE DART WAS POINTING DOWNWARD..THAT MEANS THE KILLER MUST HAVE BEEN A GOOD DISTANCE FROM HERE...C'MON!



NOBODY WAS STANDING OVER HERE, RUSTY...THE ICE IS AS CLEAR AS GLASS!



LOOK AT THESE SCRATCHES! FIRST LONG ONES, THEN LITTLE HOLES, ALL IN ONE PLACE..AND THEN SCRATCHES FARTHER APART!

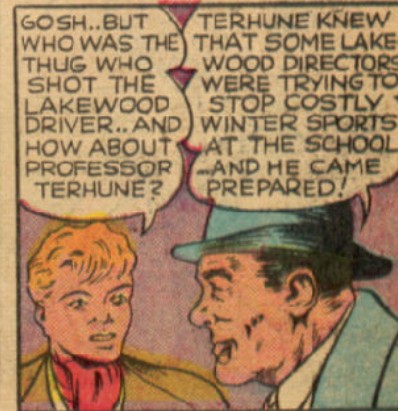
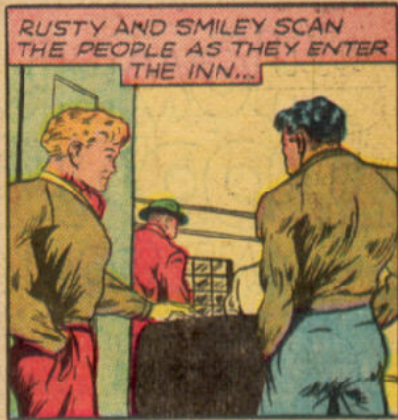


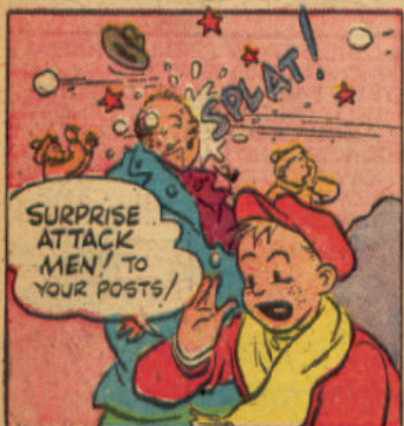
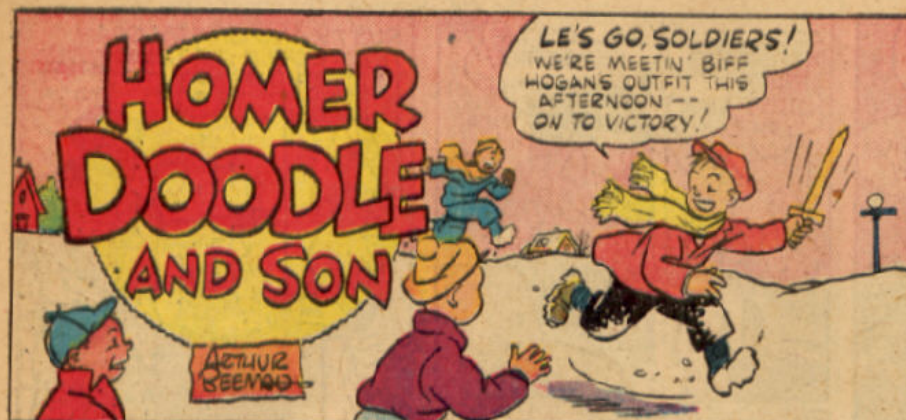
SMILEY...MAYBE I'M WRONG.. BUT THE KILLER HAS A NAIL STICKING OUT IN ONE OF HIS SHOES AND HE DRAGS HIS FEET!

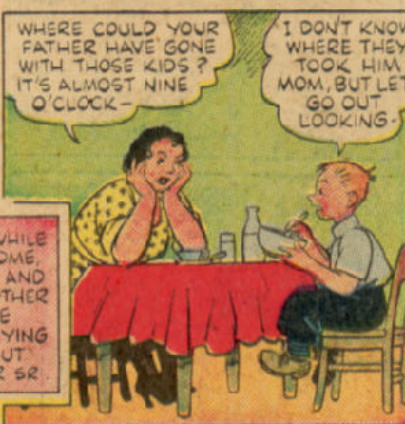
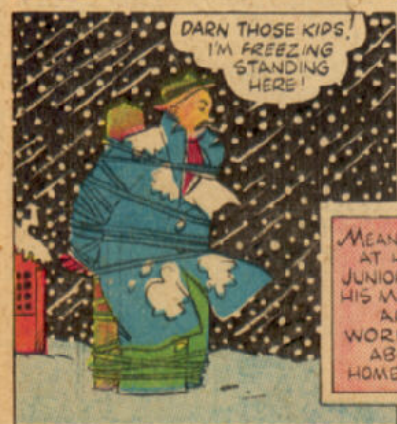


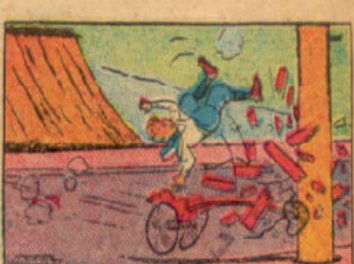
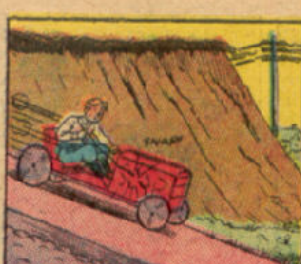
FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF SCRATCHES, THE TWO BOYS ARE LED TO A CROWD OF PEOPLE WHERE THE CLUE BECOMES LOST...





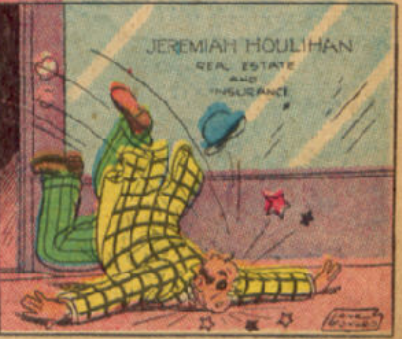
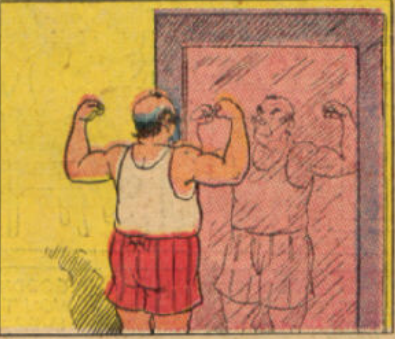
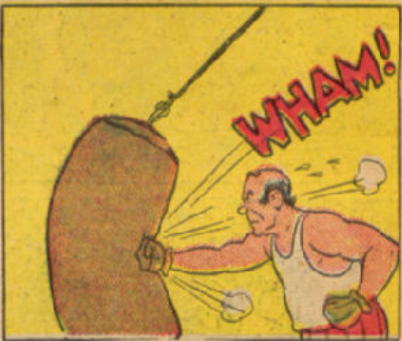
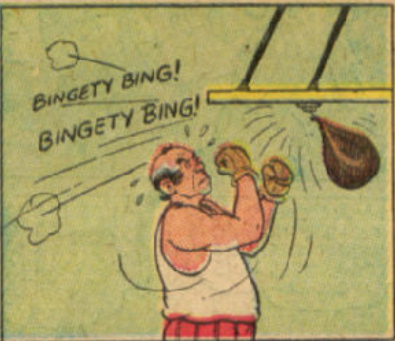
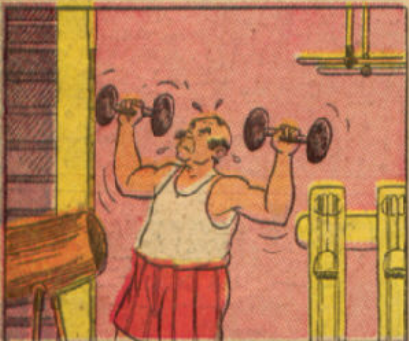
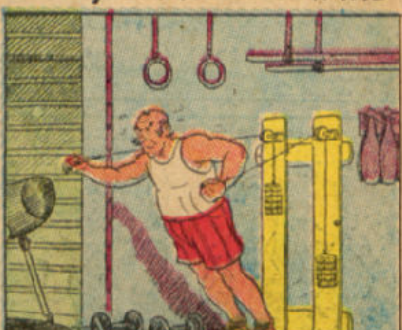






MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

BUT, NIPPIE...
THIS IS OUR
FOURTH
DOWN.. LET'S
KICK!

NO! WE'LL
FAKE A
KICK AND
I'LL RUN
WITH IT.



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

SO YESTERDAY
REALLY WAS
ARMISTICE
DAY FOR
YOUR UNCLE
PHIL AND
HOULIHAN, EH
MICKEY?

YES, TOM-MR.
CLANCY CON-
VINCED 'EM
THEY WERE
FOOLISH TO BE
FIGHTIN'-SO
THEY SHOOK
HANDS!

HAS MY PAL
HOULIHAN
BEEN IN YET,
CLANCY?

HERE HE COMES
NOW, PHIL! AND
I'M SURE GLAD
YOU'RE PALS
AGAIN!

YESSIR, PHIL!
BYGONES ARE
BYGONES!
FROM NOW
ON WE'LL BE
BUDDIES!

RIGHT YOU
ARE, JERRY!
NO MORE
FIGHTING!



NEVER AGAIN,
PHIL!

FROM NOW
ON IT'S YOU
FOR ME AND
ME FOR
YOU!

HERE'S TWO
TICKETS TO
THE
BOXING
MATCHES.
GO OUT
AND ENJOY
YOURSELVES
TOGETHER!

SWELL!

PERFECT!

OKAY.. AND
TAKE THESE
GLASSES WITH
YOU! THE SEATS
ARE QUITE A
WAY FROM THE
RING!

WHEN I THINK
OF ALL THE
ARGUMENTS
WE'VE HAD
OVER NOTHIN',
I'M ASHAMED OF
MYSELF, PHIL!

I AM TOO,
JERRY! WELL..
HERE'S THE
FIRST BOUT
GETTIN'
READY TO
START!



HOW DO THEY
EXPECT ANYBODY
TO SEE THE
FIGHT FROM 'WAY
BACK HERE.. LET
ME HAVE THE
GLASSES FOR
A WHILE!

I CAN SEE
ALL RIGHT!
JUST A
MINUTE!

C'MON!
YOU'VE
HAD 'EM
FOR
THREE
ROUNDS!

WAIT'LL THIS BOUT
IS OVER-IF THERE'S
GONNA BE A
KNOCKOUT I
WANTA SEE
IT!

SAY! WHO DO
YOU THINK YOU
ARE? I'VE AS
MUCH RIGHT TO
SEE IT AS YOU
HAVE!

OH-IS THAT
SO? WELL
WHO GARRIED
THESE
GLASSES
DOWN HERE,
YOU OR ME?



I DIDN'T COME
HERE TO ARGUE,
MR. FINN! ARE
YA GVIN' ME
THEM GLASSES
OR NOT?!

OH, GETTIN'
NASTY ABOUT
IT, EH, MR.
HOULIHAN?!
WELL, YOU'LL
GET TH' GLASS-
ES WHEN I'M
GOOD AND READY!

YOU'LL GIVE
'EM TO ME
NOW!

IT'S A POKE
IN THE
EYE I'LL
GIVE YA!

BUT UNCLE
PHIL, I
THOUGHT..

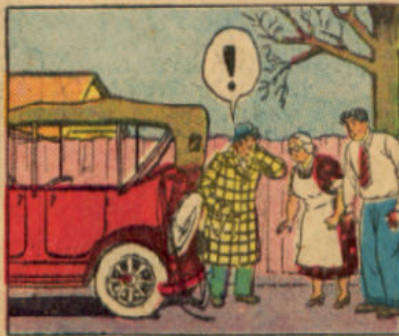
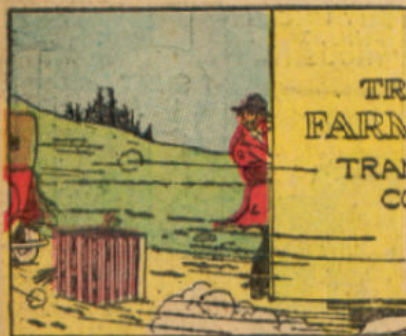
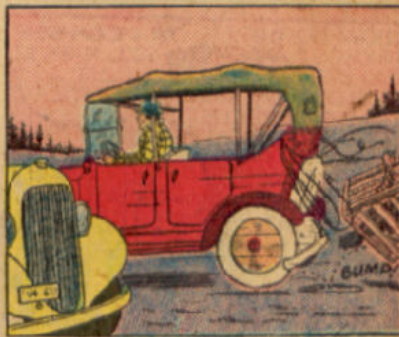
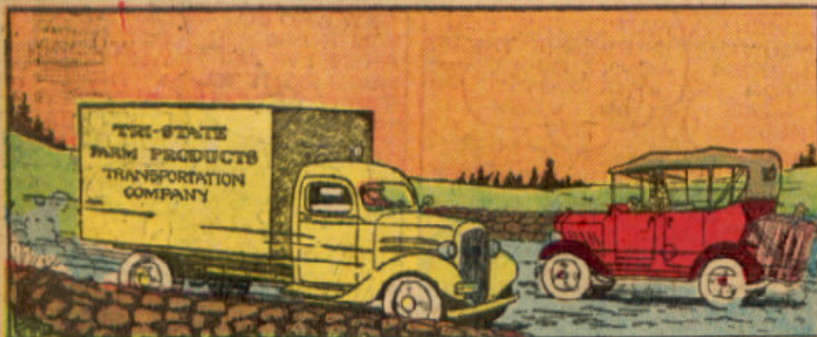
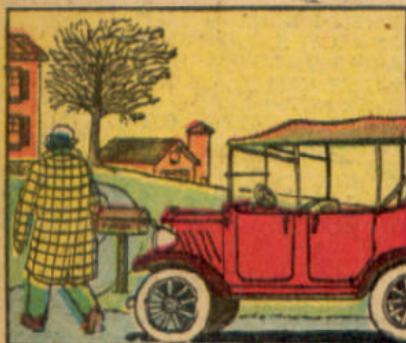
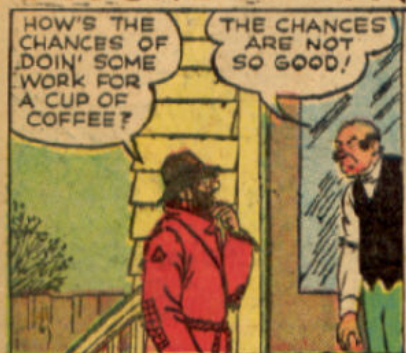
SHUT
UP!





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

THAT WAS
A SWELL
FOOTBALL
GAME, NIPPIE..
WHERE YOU
GOING?

OVER TO HELP
TEAR DOWN
THE GOAL
POSTS!



WHAT
HAPPENED?

WHEN THE
GOAL POSTS
FELL, THE
CROSS-BAR HIT
HIM ON THE
HEAD!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

YOU MEAN TO
SAY THAT
UNCLE
OWNEY IS
VISITIN' US
AGAIN?



YES, HE DROVE
DOWN FROM
BINGVILLE THIS
MORNING! HE
JUST TOOK
YOUR UNCLE
PHIL OUT FOR
A RIDE!

BUT I TOLD
UNCLE NEVER
TO GO OUT WITH
HIM AGAIN!
OWNEY GETS
INTO LOTSA
TROUBLE!



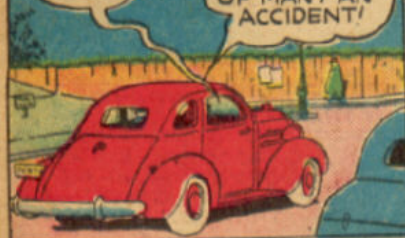
I KNOW IT,
BUT PHILIP
WON'T LISTEN
...WHEN HE
SAW
OWNEY'S NICE
NEW CAR,
THERE WAS
NO HOLDING
HIM!

LET'S SEE
HOW FAST
IT'LL GO,
OWNEY, STEP
ON IT!



THAT WOULD BE
INVITING DISASTER,
PHIL... I NEVER
EXCEED THE
SPEED
LIMIT!

G'WAN OWNEY,
TRY TO BEAT
THE RED
LIGHT!



I NEVER TRY
TO DO THAT,
PHIL-IT'S
THE CAUSE
OF MANY AN
ACCIDENT!

TURN HERE
FOR
CLANCY'S,
OWNEY!



PUT YOUR
HAND OUT AND
SIGNAL THAT
WE'RE GONNA
MAKE THE
TURN!

WHY DON'T
YOU PARK
RIGHT IN
FRONT?



NO, PHIL... WE'D BE
TOO CLOSE TO
THE FIRE HYDRANT
IF I DID!

IF MICHAEL
COULD SEE
HOW CARE-
FUL YOU
DRIVE, HE'D CHANGE
HIS OPINION
OF YOU!



OH, I ALWAYS
DRIVE CARE-
FULLY, PHIL!



1V47-61... I
THOUGHT
THAT WAS
IT!



CERTAINLY IT'S
OUR CAR!



THAT'S
ALL I WANT
TO KNOW!

SO YOUR UNCLE
PHIL REFUSES
TO SEE YOUR
UNCLE OWNEY'S
FAULTS, EH,
MICKEY?



YES, TOM-
BUT HE'LL
FIND
OUT!

I TELL YA I
DIDN'T STEAL
THE CAR,
PHIL-
I JUST
BORROWED
IT!



Read Mickey Finn in the March issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale January 24th.

SPIN SHAW

OF THE NAVAL

AIR CORPS

by Rex Smith

THE PLANS OF A SUPER BOMBER DURING WAR TIMES ARE LIKE DYNAMITE TO THOSE WHOSE LIVES REVOLVE ABOUT THEM.

THE HUGE ACE AIRPLANE FACTORY IS WORKING OVERTIME TO MEET THE DEMANDS OF THE PREPAREDNESS PROGRAM.

INSIDE, AN ENGINEER SUDDENLY LAYS DOWN HIS WORK TO PHOTOGRAPH THE PLANS OF THE NEW YB-15 BOMBERS.

A SUPERINTENDENT ENTERS AT THAT MOMENT.

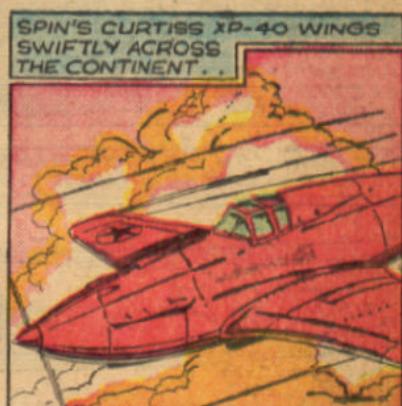
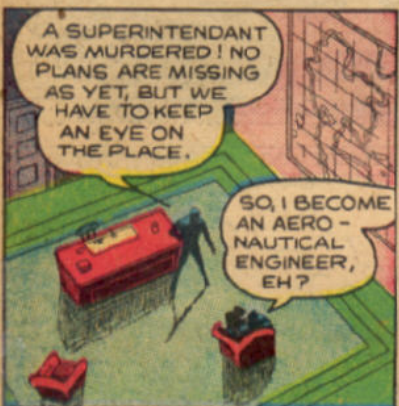
GREGORY, TAKING SHOTS OF THE YB-15... I NEVER TRUSTED THAT GUY!

THE FOREIGN AGENT HEARS FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HIM.

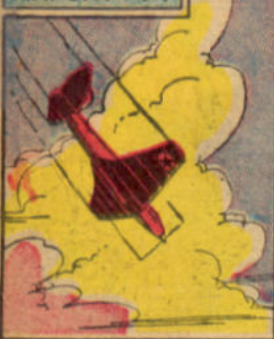
AH, JOHNSON... IT'S TOO BAD FOR YOU THAT YOU HAD TO DISCOVER ME HERE!

YOU WON'T LIVE TO TELL ANYONE!

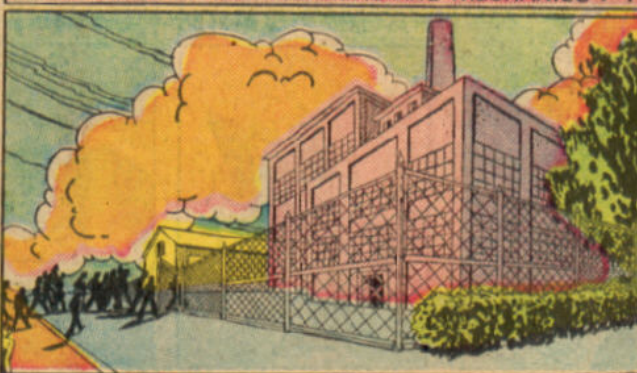
AT THE AIR BASE IN CALIFORNIA



AND COMES OUT OF THE CLOUDS ABOVE NORTH BEACH AIRPORT...



THE NEXT MORNING SPIN GOES TO WORK WITH THE REGULAR STAFF OF ENGINEERS AND MECHANICS...

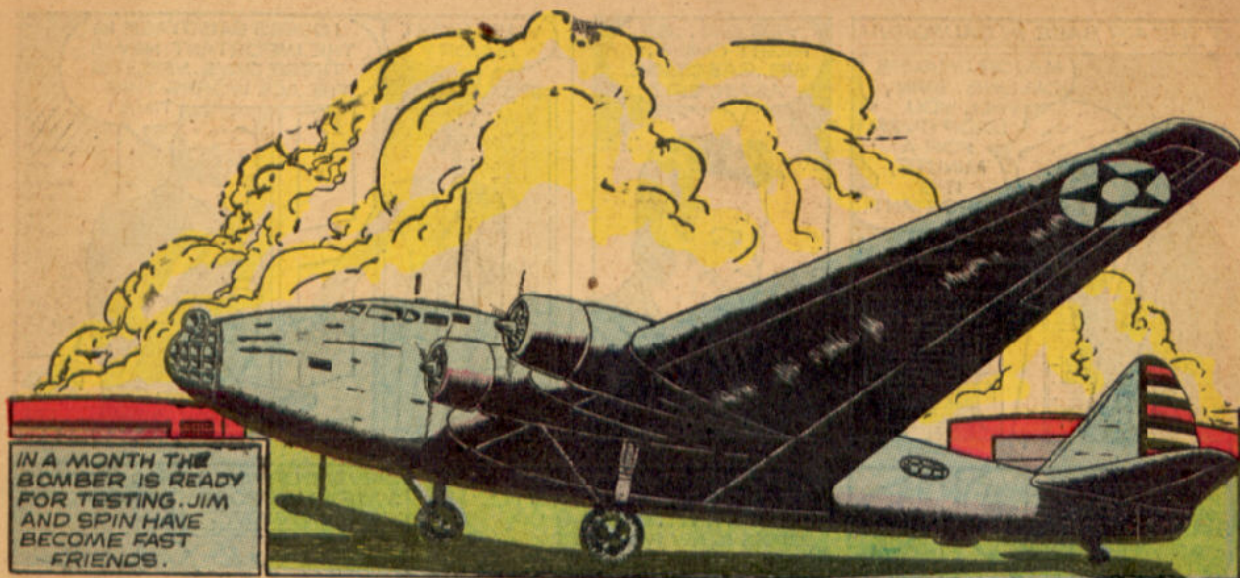


SEVERAL WEEKS PASS...



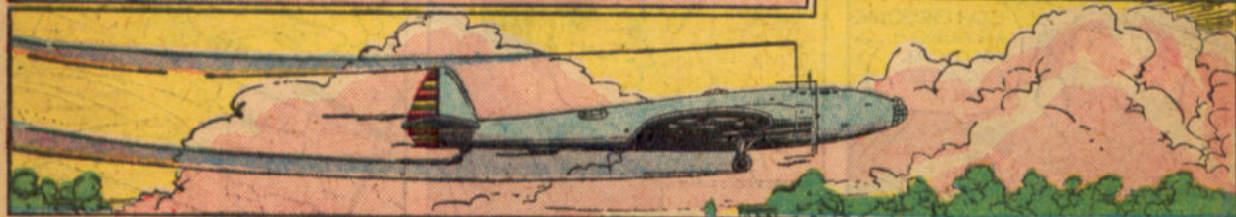
BUT IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN...





IN A MONTH THE BOMBER IS READY FOR TESTING. JIM AND SPIN HAVE BECOME FAST FRIENDS.

THE MAMMOTH 90 FOOT PLANE SPRINGS TO THE AIR, EACH OF ITS FOUR 1000 HORSE-POWER MOTORS STRAINING AGAINST THE WIND AND PULL OF GRAVITY.



SEVERAL HOURS PASS... NO WORD HAS COME FROM JIM DRAKE, TEST PILOT OF THE XB-15..

..SHOULD HAVE COME DOWN LONG AGO..



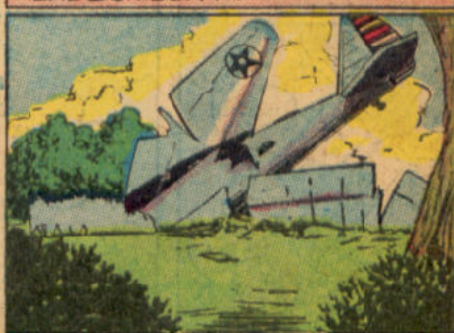
THEN.

TEST PILOT KILLED IN CRASH
STAR NEW ARMY BOMBER CRASHES.

SPIN SHAW IS OFF AT ONCE TO THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY.



HE DISCOVERS AN AMAZING FACT. THE WRECKED SHIP IS ONLY THE HULL OF THE XB-15, IT IS NOT THE REAL BOMBER.



BUT JIM FLEW IT... I CAN'T UNDERSTAND... HE MUST HAVE KNOWN IT WAS A PHONEY PLANE... WELL, I'LL TAKE HIS BELONGINGS HOME TO HIS SISTER, POOR KID... THIS WILL BREAK HER UP!



AW... SHE LEFT QUICK AS SOON AS SHE HEARD OF THE CRASH... ONLY PAID HALF HER RENT TOO... IF YOU SEE HER, TELL HER I'M WAITIN' FOR THE REST!



HERE, SHE LEFT THIS NOTE FOR SOMEONE, BUT I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU... I DON'T WANT NO MORE TO DO WITH HER!





THE NEXT DAY THE ROAR OF
SPIN'S PLANE IS ECHOING
OVER THE ROCKIES...



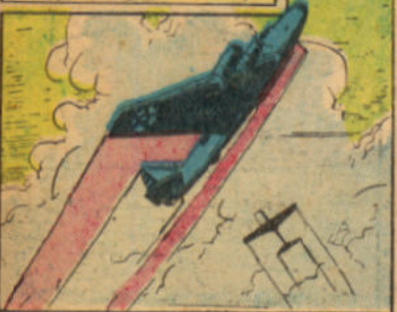
SUDDENLY... THE XB-15 LOOMS
BEFORE HIM, SOARING
THROUGH THE PEAKS...



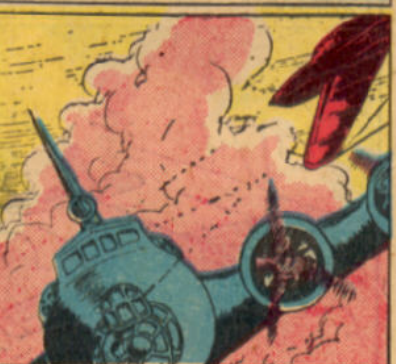
SPIN WARMS HIS GUNS, JUST
IN CASE THE BOMBER IS IN
THE WRONG HANDS...



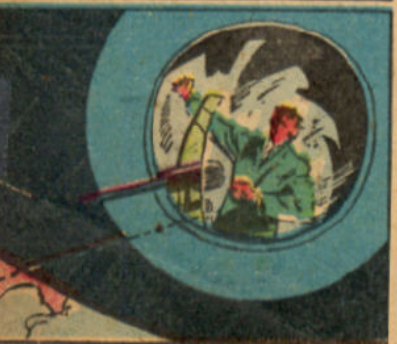
THE FLYING FORTRESS CLIMBS
FOR ALTITUDE... IT IS UNDER-
MANNED, BUT ITS SIZE AND
SPEED GIVE IT THE
ADVANTAGE...



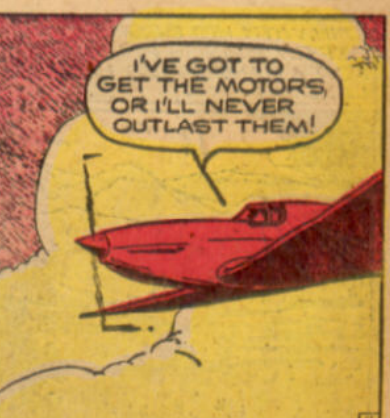
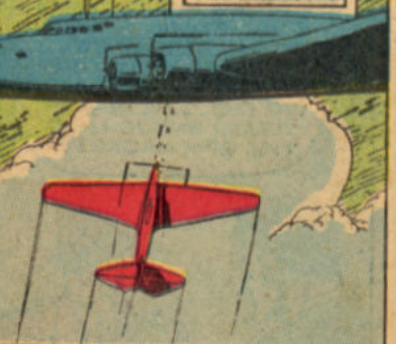
THE TWO SHIPS EXCHANGE
A VOLLEY OF BULLETS...



SPIN PICKS OFF ONE OF THE
GUNNERS AS HE LOOPS
ABOVE THE GIANT SHIP.



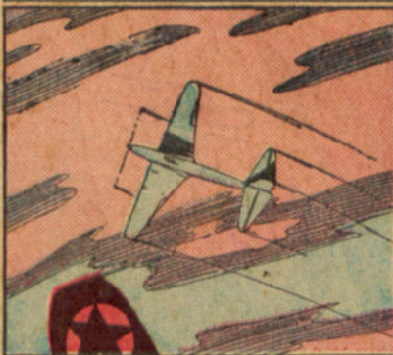
LIKE A LITTLE MOSQUITO,
SPIN KEEPS UP A STEADY
ATTACK.



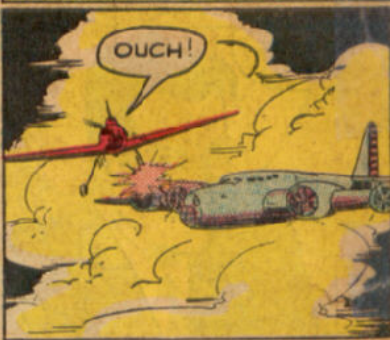
A BLAST OF SHOT RIPS INTO ONE OF THE ROARING MOTORS, CRIPPLING IT.



SPIN LETS DOWN HIS LANDING GEAR AS HE PREPARES TO FORCE THE BOMBER DOWN.



HE SWOOPS TOWARD THE WING, CRASHING INTO ANOTHER MOTOR AND BREAKING HIS OWN WHEEL.



GO ON DOWN, YOU DOPES... DON'T YOU KNOW WHEN YOU HAVE HAD ENOUGH?



HE HAS KILLED ALL OUR GUNNERS! DO AS HE SAYS!

NO! NOT WHILE WE STILL HAVE A CHANCE!



WE HAVE TWO MOTORS LEFT... MAN THE GUNS YOURSELF!



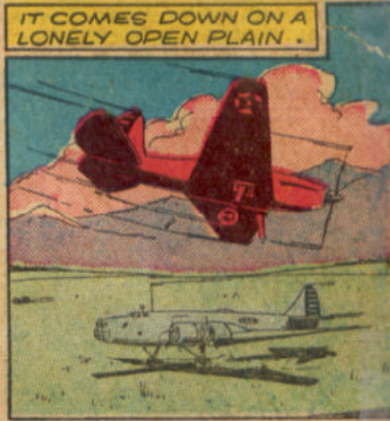
SORRY, SISTER, BUT I'D RATHER SERVE TIME THAN BE KILLED IN THIS TRAP FOR ANY FOREIGNER'S DOUGH... I'M TAKIN' THIS BIRD DOWN!



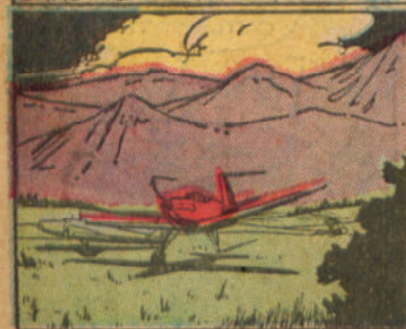
THE XB-15 BANKS OVER AND STRETCHES OUT FOR A LANDING.



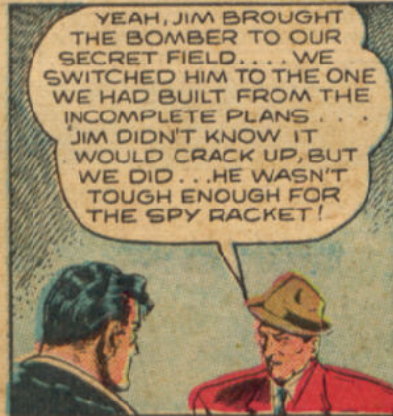
IT COMES DOWN ON A LONELY OPEN PLAIN.



SPIN, WITH HIS BROKEN WHEEL, DEFTLY BRINGS HIS PLANE IN FOR A DANGEROUS HAIR-PIN LANDING.



YEAH, JIM BROUGHT THE BOMBER TO OUR SECRET FIELD... WE SWITCHED HIM TO THE ONE WE HAD BUILT FROM THE INCOMPLETE PLANS... JIM DIDN'T KNOW IT WOULD CRACK UP, BUT WE DID... HE WASN'T TOUGH ENOUGH FOR THE SPY RACKET!



HIS WHEEL REPAIRED, SPIN SHAW RISES ABOVE THE HILLS TO RETURN TO HIS BASE AND REPORT FOR MORE ADVENTURE.



Follow the sensational adventures of Spin Shaw in the March issue of FEATURE COMICS.

Do this puzzle correctly and win a free pennant for your bike or room

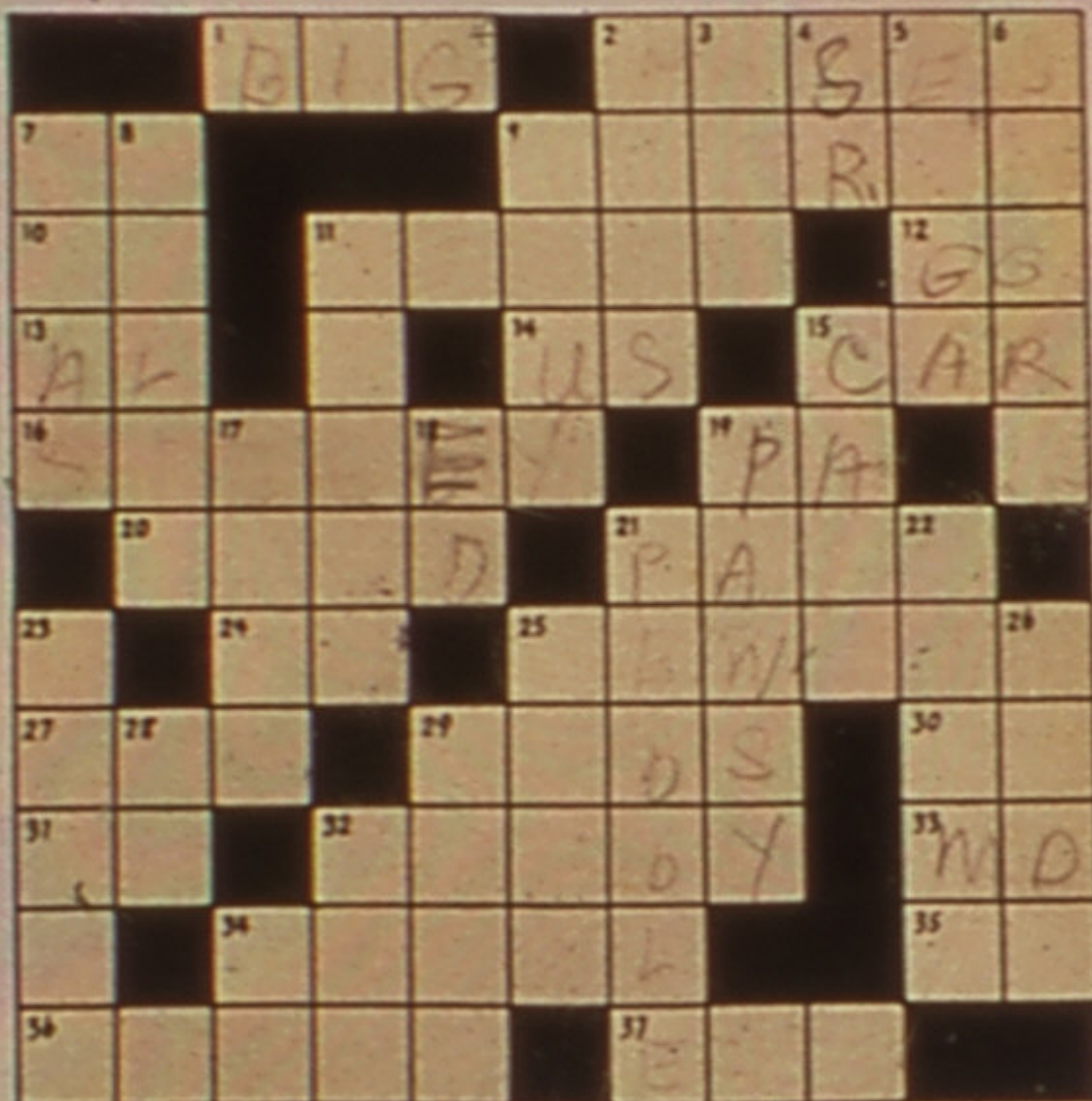


WORDS READING ACROSS

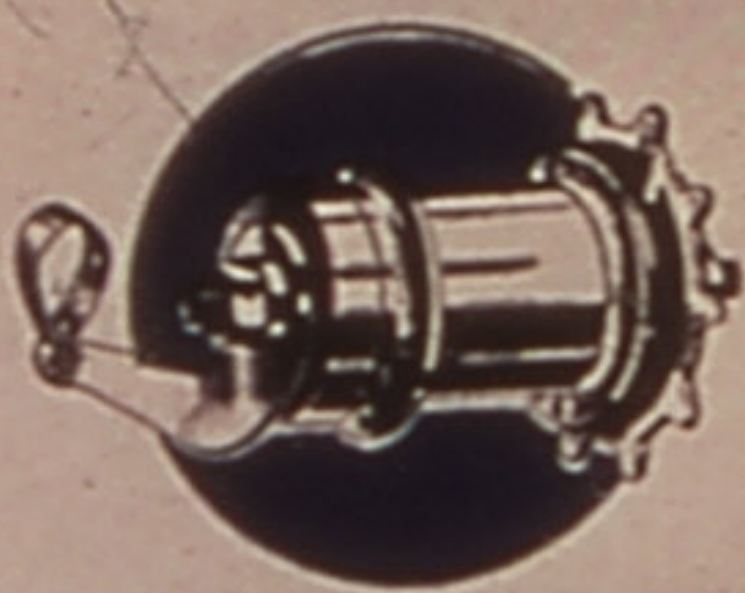
1. The opposite of little—the kind of hub on a good coaster brake.
2. What telephone wires are held up by.
7. Abbreviation for Louisiana.
9. The bicycle coaster brake that's been famous for 40 years.
10. French or Latin for "and" (ask your big brother or sister).
11. The most important part of a bike (ask your mother or dad)!
12. What you want a bike to do (and how?)
13. The nickname of a boy named Albert.
14. You and I.
15. An automobile.
16. How you travel when the path is clear and you've the world's best brake.
19. A common title for Father.
20. A cabin without some of its walls.
21. Opposite of whole—a portion.
24. Little word usually used with "either".
25. Greatest builder of automobile brakes, also world's best bike coaster brake.
27. The word poets sometimes use, meaning the opposite of "close".
29. The green "outsides" that peas grow in.
30. Prefix meaning "formerly", used when speaking of a man who used to be president or governor or champion.
31. First-person-singular of verb "to be".
32. To draw up troops in the order of battle or to dress impressively.
33. The two letters at the beginning of a doctor's prescription blank.
34. Wicker basket carried by fishermen.
35. Spanish word for "yes"—first word of the chorus of "Penny Serenade".
36. Delicious.
37. Any boy.

WORDS READING DOWN

2. To jab or prod with a stick.
3. Rock or earth with metal in it, as it is dug from a mine.
4. What your father writes after his name, if you are named after him.
5. Mantle or cloak Roman senators used to wear. (See big brother or sister again.)
6. Soldier's weapon not much used now.
7. The part of a tree that usually falls off in Autumn.
8. Big book of maps—also the giant of Greek mythology supposed to have held up the world on his shoulders.



9. Last half of the name of a famous college for women.
11. A dog that seizes you with its teeth.
15. A piece of pasteboard.
17. Footwear—also a bronze part of the world's best bicycle coaster brake.
18. A nickname for a boy named Edward.
19. A flower—also slang for "sissy".
21. There's a pair of these on every bicycle—push back on them and you will stop quickly with the world's best coaster brake.
22. Rows of things, like seats in a stadium or packages on shelves.
23. What you do when you stop pedaling your bike—and do it longer with the world's best brake.
25. What you do with a drill—also what people who talk too much do to you.
26. Roman numerals (Remember—IVXLCDM?) which tell you the number of ball bearings in the world's best coaster brake—more than any other.
28. Abbreviation for afternoon.
29. Any animal seized by another for food.
32. Good pictures, statues or music—also a boy's nickname.
34. Abbreviation for Christian Science.



FILL in the correct words neatly and send this puzzle in to us for your FREE bicycle pennant—makes your bike look snappy—looks fine on the wall of your room too. And when you get a new bike, remember to make sure it has the world's finest coaster brake—the famous one that's named in the puzzle. Address—

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